LETTERS

OF

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,
Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON,
and Mr. POPE.

From 1711 to 1715.

LETTERS

OF

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE,

MR. STEELE, MR. ADDISON,

AND MR. PRIOR.

LETTERS

OF

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, &c.

*Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

I HAVE this moment receiv'd the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe, (tho perhaps no very good one) that I defer'd the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your Papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at *Binfield* before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell

* Secretary of State to King William the Third.

you my opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in compliance with your desires than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of Poetry, who never have been practic'd in the Art. There may possibly be some happy genius's, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a Poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read *Vitruvius*, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: But this, tho' it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill I have another reason why I ought to suspect my self, by reason of the great affection I have for you, which might give too much bias, to be kind to every thing that comes from you; but after all, I must say (and I do it with an old-fashion'd sincerity) that I entirely approve of your Translation of those Pieces of *Homer*, both as to the versification and the true sense that shines thro' the whole; nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you wou'd

wou'd proceed in tranſlating that incompa-rable Poet, to make him ſpeak good *Engliſh*, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend *Horace*, when he read him at *Præneſte*, *Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, &c. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to ſend this preſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew *B.*'s obſervations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had not time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavour'd very faithfully (tho' he told me very haſtily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhou'd hinder you from publiſhing this *Eſſay*, I ſhall only be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſuade you to oblige the publick, and very particularly, dear Sir,

~~*Your moſt faithful*~~

Apr. 9, 1708.

humble Servant,

W. Trumbull.

Mr. POPE *to the Hon.* J. C. Esq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you *Dennis*'s remarks on the * *Essay*, which equally abound in just Criticisms and fine Railleries: The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a mornings leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a Critic as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answer'd, and that way I wou'd not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spar'd in the Essay, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment; nor imagine how those † three lines can be call'd a reflection on his *Person*, which only describe him subject a little to Anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall

* *On Criticism.*

† *But* Appius *reddens at each word you speak,*
And stares tremendous with a threatning eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.

down

down themselves with that very blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. *Dennis*'s rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienc'd writers from scribling, he shou'd frighten us with his Verse not Prose: for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business *. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter 'em in case of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant in injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20th of his reflections, was objected to by your self, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: 'Tis right *Hibernian*, and I confess it what the *English* call a *Bull* in the expression, tho' the sense be manifest enough: Mr. *Dennis*'s Bulls are seldom in the expression, they are always in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book can't answer for itself

* This Thought we find afterwards put into Verse in the Dunciad, Book IV.

to Y to

to the publick, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceiv'd (which wou'd be of very ill conſequence) meerly that I my ſelf may be thought right, (which is of very little conſequence). I'd be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of my ſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book of D——s, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known: It has been the occaſion of making me friends, and open abetters, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world in general, or I ſhould never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in mind, that tho' his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You

C1

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive chriſtian, and be prepar'd to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attack'd for his *Religion*, as you'll find I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe: and you know Sir, what alarms I have had from the * oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, & ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum Sanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr. *D.* takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detach'd from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or

* *See the enſuing Letter.*

a new nonſence to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our friend the *Abbè* is not of that ſort, who with the utmoſt candour and freedom, has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a *Number* than a *Party*. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſh'd among 'em, and I am of opinion that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by 'em: he believes, that in the moſt natural and obvious ſenſe, that line *(A ſecond deluge Learning over-run)* will be underſtood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be underſtood only (as 'tis meant) of polite Learning, Criticiſm, Poetry, *&c.* which is the only learning concern'd in the ſubject of the Eſſay. It is true, that the *Monks* did preſerve what learning there was, about *Nicholas* the Fifth's time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the depth of Barbariſm, or at leaſt ſtood at a ſtay while others roſe from thence, inſomuch that even *Eraſmus* and *Reuchlin* could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the *Abbe*'s zeal in my commendation, and good-

neſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book, juſt at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candor, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

To the Same.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you inform'd me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than Doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The Simile objected to in my Eſſay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall Sect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a full ſtop: and what follows *(Meanly they ſeek*, &c.) ſpeaks only of *Wit*, (which is meant by *that bleſſing*, and *that ſun)* for how can the ſun of *faith* be ſaid

to *ſublime the ſouthern wits*, and to *ripen the genius's of northern climates?* I fear theſe gentlemen underſtand grammar as little as they do criticiſm; and perhaps out of good nature to the Monks, are willing to take from 'em the cenſure of ignorance, and ſo have it to themſelves. The word *They* refers (as I am ſure I meant, and as I thought every one muſt have known) to thoſe critics there ſpoken of, who are partial to ſome particular ſett of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very ſimile it ſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, lies not on our Church at all, unleſs they call our Church *one ſmall Sect:* and the cautious words, *(by each man)* manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the Reform'd miniſters and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promiſe you Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith tho' weak underſtanding, I will (tho' it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow com-

compaſs) that ſtumbling-block tho' it be but a ~~little~~ pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who I am afraid being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humor all their lives) ſhou'd proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you notwithſtanding I will do, or ſay nothing, however provok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the character of a true Catholick. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great Saint *Eraſmus*; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence, and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However I wou'd adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of *him* to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhou'd be forc'd to do that for his reputation which I wou'd never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our Church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the Triſle about Criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen wou'd be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to 'em right or wrong, as far as I only am concern'd; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it

for

for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe. A little humility can do a Poet no hurt, and a little Charity wou'd do a Prieſt none: For as St. *Auſtin* finely ſays, *Ubi Charitas, ibi Humilitas; ubi Humilitas, ibi Pax.*

Yours, &c.

To the Same.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you in a clear light the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believ'd the beſt piece of ſervice one cou'd do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *Piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and ſeemingly-uncharitable aſſertion of an utter *Impoſſibility* of *Salvation* to all but our ſelves; *invincible* ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurl'd about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſticks) than as a real exception to almoſt-univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the *Janſeniſt* is damn'd by the *Jeſuit*, the *Jeſuit* by the *Janſeniſt*, the *Scotiſt* by the *Thomiſt*, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors I grant, but I can't think 'em of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are ingag'd by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a ſlight inſinuation, introduc'd ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, cou'd never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs

needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the *Superſtition* of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the *Roman Empire*, which is too manifeſt a truth to be deny'd, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may with ſome reaſon make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe biggotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible Men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt 'em; I can't tell why, ſince now, 'tis no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our Prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmother'd in ſilence: For as the oppoſite Sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs ~~now to ſhew it is ſlander'd unjuſtly, and~~ to vindicate our ſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it; ~~and then we need not~~ ~~doubt of being clear'd, ev'n in their opi-~~ ~~nions.~~ or be content to be laugh'd at with such as deſerve it.

As

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerv'd that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of wit and faith lay to the word *They*. When that was beyond contradiction removed (the very Grammar ſerving to confute 'em) then the objection lies againſt the *Simile itſelf*; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of *Superſtition* muſt become a crime (as if *Religion* and ſhe were ſiſters, or that ſcandal upon the family of *Chriſt*, to ſay a word againſt the Devil's baſtard.) Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcover'd in a place that ſeem'd innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*, ~~at the bottom of page 24.~~ An ordinary man wou'd imagine the author plainly declar'd againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: But theſe believers are call'd *Dull*, and becauſe I ſay that *thoſe ſchiſmatics* think *ſome* believers *dull*, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think *all* believers dull. I was telling lately Mr. ——— theſe objections: who aſſur'd me I had ſaid nothing which a Catholick need to diſown,

and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head which I confeſs I can't but perfectly acquieſce in; that when a ſett of people are piqu'd at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a By-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really gall'd by: What theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that *Eraſmus* whom their tribe oppreſs'd and perſecuted ſhou'd be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter, and to whom few will do juſtice. Others, you know were as angry that I mention'd Mr. *Walſh* with honour; who as he never refus'd to any one of merit of any party the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerv'd it from all others, tho' of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes ev'n after death. As I wou'd always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they

they are abſent; ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for ~~Tonſon's~~ printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and I fancy a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true *Trojan* in my faith, and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end.

Your, &c.

To General ..... upon his having tranſlated into French *Verſe the* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart, as you have done

those of my head, in your excellent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than *Virgil*'s are of *Homer*, but are like his, the justest Imitation and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a *French* dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for Translation established the next parliament, we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for all we have lost by the war. Nay tho' we should insist upon the *demo-*

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listing of *Boileau*'s works; the *French*, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers can be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here*; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am,

Your, &c.

The Hon. J. C. *to Mr.* POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the sake of the Widow and for the credit of the de-

* *This was never done, for the two printed* French *Versions are neither of this hand. The one was the work of Monsieur* Roboton, *private Secretary to King* George *the first, printed in* 4° *at* Amsterdam *and at* London 1717. *The other by the Abbé* Reinel, *in* 8° *with a large Preface and Notes, at* Paris, 1730.

ceas'd,

ceas'd, that † *Betterton*'s remains are fallen into ſuch hands as may render 'em reputable to the one and beneficial to the other. Beſides the publick acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity, he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of *Pollio*, I am ſatisfy'd 'twill be doubly *Divine* and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſick the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſacred ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of all Poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon your ſelf, of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſt one of the beſt of Poems.) I hear no more of it — will it come out in *Lintot*'s

† *A Tranſlation of ſome Part of* Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, *the* Prologues, *&c. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome works of Mr.* Pope, *in 2 Vol.* 12°. *by* B. Lintot.

Miſcel-

Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord *Petre* upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in *London*. I have ſince I ſaw you correſponded with Mrs. *W.* I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that Lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatſoever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. *W.* is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her Niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my Lady *A.*

on Mrs. W's affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people uſually go into unknown or half-diſcover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The Unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet we ſee the world generally takes care they ſhall be ſo. Whereas if we took a conſiderate proſpect of human nature, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhou'd be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow. All I ſhall ſay to you of 'em at preſent is, that they have not been my relations theſe two months: The conſent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have ſhown towards Me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted

feſted in the caſe of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtile which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: ſo that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by ~~their~~ complaiſant and open kindneſs. —— Will you never leave commending my Poetry? In fair truth Sir, I like it but too well my ſelf already —— Expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you wou'd pleaſe me throughly, to ſay only you like what I write.

Yours &c.

P. S. I have inclosed my Letter to the Lady.

Mr. STEELE *to Mr.* POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between *Hampſtead* and *London* wherein Sir *Charles Sedley* died. This circumſtance ſet me

me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which Men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir *Charles*, who breath'd his laſt in this room,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart,
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

This was an happy talent to a man of the Town, but I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he had pray'd,

— *Oh thou my voice inſpire,*
Who touch'd Iſaiah's *hallow'd lips with fire!*

I have turn'd to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerv'd the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at — *Hark a glad voice* — and — *The lamb with wolves ſhall graze* — There is but one line which I think below the original,

He

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſs'd it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet. *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your Poem is already better than the *Pollio*, I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualify'd for. Methinks the Moraliſts and Philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending intirely either ſolitude, or publick life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify and are good for nothing; and

running violently on do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallow'd up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys and foreſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſign'd for ſolitude, ſuch I mean as have more to hide than to ſhow: As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom *Seneca* ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimilitude) are like waters which may be forc'd into fountains and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground. The conſideration of this would

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The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into Verſe ſome years before and inſerted into Mr. Wycherley's *Poem on* Mixt Life. *We find him apparently in the Verſification of them, as they are ſince printed in* Wycherley's *poſthumous Works,* 8° *Page 3d and 4th.*

make

make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obſcurity*. But whoever has the Muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus Sir you ſee I would flatter my ſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. *Plutarch* juſt now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but if his chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can and to make the beſt of it. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider my ſelf in theſe different views, and I hope have receiv'd ſome advan-

advantage by it, if what Mr. *Waller* ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying our ſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'Tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral Proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world

world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt *Hibernian*, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour, and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little attom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my Exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the wiſdom of ~~Solomon~~) paſſeth

paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. *For honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſur'd by number of years. But wiſdom is the gray hair to men, and an unſpotted life is old age. He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul,* &c. I am

Your, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

Nov. 7. 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or ſix men of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the Emperor *Adrian* ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of Gaiety unworthy of that Prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but differ from this opinion: Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of his departure; in which ſenſe I naturally took the

the verſes at my firſt reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut Soles) dabis joca!

" Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion " of this body, thou fleeting thing that art " now deſerting it! whither art thou fly- " ing? to what unknown Scene? all trem- " bling, fearful, and penſive. Now what is " become of thy former wit and humour? " thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this? 'Tis the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider the Empeperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the

reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in *Catullus*, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are us'd to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes. — If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of *Adrian*, be pleas'd to inſert it in the *Spectator*, if not, to ſuppreſs it. I am

Your, &c.

ADRIANI Morientis
AD
ANIMAM,
Tranſlated.

AH fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this Frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing, chearful Gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd Shore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

Mr. STEELE *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing amiſs of weight enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Mr. *Addiſon* ſhall ſee it to morrow: After his peruſal of it, I well let you know his thoughts. I deſire you would let me know whether you are at leiſure or not? I have a deſign which I ſhall open a month or two hence, with the aſſiſtance of the few like your ſelf. If your thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain my ſelf further. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have ſhewn to the Poem I ſent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind ſeverity I hope for from you. No errors are ſo trivial, but they deſerve to be mended;

but ſince you ſay you ſee nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it ſo, that I have confin'd the attendance of * Guardian ſpirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to ſeveral, but 'tis my buſineſs to be informed of thoſe faults I *do not* know, and as for thoſe *I do*, not to talk of 'em but to correct 'em. You ſpeak of that Poem in a ſtyle I neither merit, nor expect; but I aſſure you, if you freely mark or daſh out, I ſhall look upon your blots to be its greateſt beauties. I mean if Mr. *Addiſon* and Your ſelf ſhou'd like it in the whole; otherwiſe the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really ſo diffident of it as to let it lie by me theſe † two years, juſt as you now ſee it. I am afraid of nothing ſo much as to impoſe any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the laſt period of your letter, I ſhall be very ready and glad to contribute to any deſign that tends to the advantage of mankind, which I am ſure all yours do. I wiſh I had but as much capacity as leiſure, for I am perfectly idle: (a ſign I have not much capacity.)

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* *This is not now to be found in the* Temple of Fame, *of which Poem he ſpeaks here.*

† *Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was 22 Years old.*

If

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be pleas'd to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. *Addiſon* of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eſteem he muſt be aſſur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM ſorry you publiſh'd that notion about *Adrian's Verſes* as mine; had I imagin'd you wou'd uſe my name, I ſhou'd have expreſs'd my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of *Adrian's* being addicted to Magick, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no ſort of Deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſollicitous *whither* his ſoul was going? As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have own'd my opinion to be that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that

that diminutives are as often in the *Latin* tongue uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *Animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *Virgo Bella* is not half ſo endearing as *Virguncula bellula*, and had *Auguſtus* only call'd *Horace Lepidum Hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'Twas the *Homunciolum* that expreſt the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould my ſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great Genius, or an Eminent hand (as *Jacob* does all his authors.) I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to* .....

Decemb. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length comply'd with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many

many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent: ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerv'd friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabille of the underſtanding. You have prov'd your ſelf more tender of another's embryo's than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have preſerv'd every thing that I miſcarry'd of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me: Yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in 'em from time to time the true and undiſtinguiſh'd ſtate of my mind. But I find that theſe, which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white, do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that depriv'd of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd

deavour'd to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are deſign'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing, firſt, upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remembrance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore: So I hope the foreknowledge you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you: I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great Borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challeng'd me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrow'd from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain. Their works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. —— Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my Verſes are corrected by other

other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: But indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault, I have endeavour'd my utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſper'd, and I will not encroach upon *Bays*'s province and *Pen Whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude

Your, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhews more what flows from the heart, than a letter after *Balzac*'s manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have receiv'd your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an *Engliſh* Man to ſee the *French*, even *Boileau* himſelf in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your Poem; For you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer

touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes, and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of Parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio.* What a miſery it is for you to be deſtroy'd by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the Poiſon of bad Wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to *Homer*, by all I can learn your buſineſs is done; therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own ſake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: You really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young scribler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth as a young Lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is [illegible] a just judgment upon Poets, that they whose chief pretence is Wit, shou'd be treated just as they themselves treat Fools, that is, be cajoll'd with praises. And I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this as if the obliging letter you ſent me deſerv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what *Cæſar* ſaid of his Wife. *It was not ſufficient that he knew her to be chaſt, himſelf, but ſhe ſhou'd not be ſo much as ſuſpected by others.*

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all the good news you are pleas'd to tell me of my ſelf; I treat it as you who are in the Secret treat common news, groundleſs reports of things at a diſtance, which I who look into the true ſprings of the affair at home, in my own breaſt, know to have no foundation at all. For *Fame* tho' it be as *Milton* finely calls it, *The laſt Infirmity of noble Minds*, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a temptation as to warrant our loſs of time here: It can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as ſome of the ancients are ſaid to have done with that thought). You Sir have your ſelf taught me, that an eaſy ſituation at that hour, can proceed from no ambition leſs noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the ſtrongeſt endeavours of the Wit, but may be gain'd by the ſincere intentions of the Heart only. As in the next world, ſo in this, the only ſolid bleſſings are owing to the goodneſs of the mind, not the extent

tent of the capacity: Friendſhip here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as Beatitude there: the ſame benevolence and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmoſt point of my deſires in my preſent ſtate terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and fore-taſte of the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value upon my ſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employ'd in following your advice and amuſing my ſelf in Painting, in which I am moſt particularly

cularly obliged to Mr. *Jervas*, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. *Cato* was not ſo much the wonder of *Rome* in his days, as he is of *Britain* in ours; and tho' all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a Party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this occaſion.

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive, who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one-ſide of the theatre, were eccho'd back by the Tories on the other; while the Author ſweated behind the ſcenes with concern, to find their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the caſe too of the Prologue-writer, who was clapp'd into a ſtanch Whig, at almoſt ev'ry two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauſes of the oppoſite Faction, my Lord *Bolingbroke* ſent for *Booth* who play'd *Cato*, into the box, between

between one of the acts, and preſented him with fifty guinea's; in acknowledgment (as he expreſt it) for defending the cauſe of *Liberty* ſo well againſt a *Perpetual Dictator*. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanc'd this way, (as 'tis ſaid) and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame *Cato* very ſpeedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a Sentence as the former on their ſide: So betwixt them, 'tis probable that *Cato* (as Dr. *Garth* expreſt it) *may have ſomething to live upon, after he dies.* I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

July 10, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your return than I ſhould be at that of the Sun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe night-birds was *John Dennis*, whom I think you are beſt reveng'd upon, as the Sun was in the fable

upon

upon thoſe batts and beaſtly birds above-mention'd, only by *Shining on.* I am ſo far from eſteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your ſhare in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever liv'd have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncenſur'd and to be obſcure, is the ſame thing. You may conclude from what I here ſay, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offer'd you my pen in any direct reply to ſuch a Critic, but only in ſome little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. * But indeed your opinion that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own caſe: but I felt more warmth here than I did when firſt I ſaw his book againſt myſelf, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written againſt every thing the world has approv'd theſe many years: I apprehend but one danger from *Dennis*'s diſliking our ſenſe; that it may make us think ſo very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his diſapprobation.

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* *This relates to the Paper occaſion'd by* Dennis's *Remarks upon* Cato, *call'd,* Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of *John Den—*

I muſt

I muſt not here omit to do juſtice to Mr.——, whoſe zeal in your concern is worthy a friend, and honourer of you. He writ to me in the moſt preſſing terms about it, tho' with that juſt contempt of the Critic ~~that~~ he deſerves. I think in theſe days one honeſt man is oblig'd to acquaint another who are his friends; when ſo many miſchievous inſects are daily at work to make people of merit ſuſpicious of each other; that they may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them look'd upon no better than themſelves. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. ADDISON *to Mr.* POPE.

October 26, 1713.

I Was extreamly glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The * Work you mention will I dare ſay very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your name appears with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them,

* *The Tranſlation of the* Iliad.

you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhowing it by this, or any other inſtance. I queſtion not but your Tranſlation will enrich our Tongue and do Honour to our Country: for I conclude of it already from thoſe performances with which you have oblig'd the publick. I would only have you conſider how it may moſt turn to your advantage. Excuſe my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your eaſe and happineſs. The work wou'd coſt you a great deal of time, and unleſs you undertake it will I am afraid never be executed by any other, at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſides your ſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſometime and will not deſpair of it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

Mr

Mr. ADDISON *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter and am glad to find that you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your great undertaking. I queſtion not but the Proſe will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give your ſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content your ſelf with one half of the Nation for your Admirers when you might command them all: If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many years together, in an unreſerved converſation, and that we may do many more, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little niceties in my conduct, which your candor and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort of Tax that attends an eſtate in *Parnaſſus*, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thank'd for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons that firſt debauch'd him. Yet to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleas'd that I have offended the violent of all Parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As

As I hope and would flatter my ſelf, that you know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtaken in either, ſo 'tis a pleaſure to me that you gueſs'd ſo right in regard to the Author of that *Guardian* you mention'd. But I am ſorry to find it has taken air that I have ſome hand in thoſe Papers, becauſe I write ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt *Jacobite* ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his Party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with *Steele*, tho' upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects ——— This I know you will laugh at as well as I do: yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of ſower diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few *Guardians* I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcover'd to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body I met told me of it.

The

The true reason that Mr. *Steele* laid down the Paper, was a quarrel between him and *Jacob Tonson*. He ſtood engag'd to his bookſeller, in articles of penalty, for all the *Guardians*: and by deſiſting two days and altering the title of the paper to that of the *Engliſhman*, was quit of his obligation: theſe papers being printed by *Buckley*.

As to his taking a more Politick turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politicks. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But I aſſure you as to my ſelf, I have quite done with 'em, for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. *Steele* as a Man of Wit, has render'd me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent, but (as old *Dryden* ſaid before me)

'Tis not the Violent I deſign to pleaſe,

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. *Jervas**; and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch, as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever Party or Denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great,

* See Mr. Pope's Epiſtle to him in Verſe, writ about this time.

that

that is honeſt Principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming Calumny and Miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinc'd that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature,

ture and truth, tho' never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented; it would be diverting to me, to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought 'em. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I truſt your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me, ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrain'd deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Ev'ry hour of my life, my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt Abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of creation, in dialogues with *N*——— and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, groveling with *T*——— in the very center of nonſenſe. Now I am recreated with the brisk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. *Steele* in his livelieſt

and

and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of *Grammar* of Mr—— and *D*——

Good God! What an incongruous animal is Man? how unſettled in his beſt part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of Body? The conſtancy of the one ſhook by every Notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is Man altogether, but one mighty Inconſiſtency! Sickneſs and Pain is the lot of one half of us; Doubt and Fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point? What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as *Shakeſpear* finely words it) is *Rounded with a Sleep?* Our whole extent of Being no more, in the eyes of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the Naturaliſts aſſure us, are yet as long-lived and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with an eye to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes? and of how much leſs

conſideration than even this, is the life of man in the ſight of ~~that~~ God, who is from Ever, and for Ever!

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee the world and its contemptible grandeurs leſſen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain ſtupify'd, in a poize of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (thro' our very condition of being) to ~~our~~ narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect our ſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts, flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into meer mortals. For my part I never return ſo much into my ſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for ~~the~~ inſignificancy ~~of my ſelf~~. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

Jan. 30, 1713-4.

YOur letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give my ſelf up for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe my ſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and

and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of *Troy* lies upon my hands, and the campagne above half over, before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the *Greek* fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter my ſelf, that *Homer* ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed, a ſort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, call'd Commentators and Critics, who wou'd frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digg'd, encompaſs'd with dirt of their own heaping up, but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the Poetical Engines, Wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engag'd in the fight, I find you are concern'd how I ſhall be paid, and are ſollicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded Generals, to be firſt envy'd and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and laſtly neglected. The former (the con-

conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienc'd. Some have ſaid I am not a Maſter in the *Greek*, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know ſome Critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them, ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the *Miſcellanies*, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig becauſe I have been favour'd with yours, Mr. *Congreve*'s, and Mr. *Craggs* his friendſhip, and of late with my Lord *Halifax*'s Patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be form'd, by any good-natur'd man, that a perſon who has been well us'd by all ſides, has been offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have politicks enough to make (thro' violence) the beſt Scheme of Government a bad one; and ~~faith~~ enough to hinder their own Salvation. I hope for my own part, never to have more of either than is conſiſtent

ſiſtent with common juſtice and charity, and always as much as becomes a chriſtian and honeſt man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a *Papiſt* here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much, and to the fifth part as being ſo too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our Prieſts their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know that one virtue of a free ſpirit is more worth, than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſoul'd people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

The Reverend Dean BERKLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Leghorne, May 1, 1714.

AS I take Ingratitude to be a greater crime than Impertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you

you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you juſt now gave me. I have accidentally met with your *Rape of the Lock* here, having never ſeen it before. Stile, Painting, Judgment, Spirit, I had already admired in others of your Writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your *Invention*, with all thoſe images, alluſions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raiſe ſo ſurprizingly and at the ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot ſay that I was more pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happineſs beyond the friendſhip of men of wit, learning, and good nature.

I remember to have heard you mention ſome half-form'd deſign of coming to *Italy*. What might we not expect from a Muſe that ſings ſo well in the bleak climate of *England*, if ſhe felt the ſame warm Sun and breath'd the ſame Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that have all the inclination but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the Ancients. Some among them who underſtand *Engliſh*, begin to reliſh our Authors; and I am informed that at *Florence* they have tranſlated *Milton* into *Italian* Verſe.

Verſe. If one who knows ſo well how to write like the old *Latin* Poets, came among them; it wou'd probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their Predeceſſors.

As Merchants, Antiquaries, Men of Pleaſure, *&c.* have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's while, to travel, in order to ſtore his mind with ſtrong Images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flow'ry meadows and purling ſtreams, are no where in ſuch perfection as in *England*: but if you wou'd know lightſome days, warm ſuns, and blue ſkys, you muſt come to *Italy*: and to enable a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the *Alps*.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes me ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into theſe parts I ſhou'd fly to ſee you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. *Patrick*'s) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of *Peterborough*; who about three months ſince left the greateſt part of his family in this town. God knows how long we ſhall ſtay here. I am

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Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to the Honourable* .....

June 8, 1714.

THE Queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. *Ad*—— and *Philips*, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. *Philips* did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at *Button*'s Coffee-houſe (as I was told) ſaying, That I was enter'd into a Cabal with Dean *Swift* and others to write againſt the *Whig-Intereſt*, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends *Steel* and *Addiſon*. But ~~Mr. Philips~~ never open'd his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. *Addiſon* came to me a night or two after *Philips* had talk'd in this idle manner, and aſſur'd me of his diſbelief of what had been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhou'd always maintain, and deſir'd I would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord *Halliſax* did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall prejudice with one Party. However *Philips* did all he

he could, ſecretly to continue the report with the *Hanover* Club, and kept in his hands the Subſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with a man ~~whom I think a ſcoundrel~~) I wou'd not ~~even~~ ask him for this money, but commiſſion'd one of the *Players*, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the ſecret grounds of *Philips*'s malignity, they will make a very pleaſant Hiſtory when we meet. Mr. *Congreve* and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the Gentlemen of the *Hanover* Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of *Philips*, that the world owes Mr. *Gay*'s *Paſtorals*. The ingenious Author is extreamly your ſervant, and would have comply'd with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord *Clarendon*, in his Embaſſy to *Hanover*.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which I am ſure you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a Man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch con-

temptible opponents. May their envy and ill nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your, &c.

To the Same.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which *Philips* ſaid in his fooliſhneſs; but I can't tell from any thing in your Letter, whether you receiv'd a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launch'd into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your Letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you *pray'd* for me: Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other Friends, who never talk of praying for a Man after they have done him

him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human Sciences, which I aſſure you I am daily more and more convinc'd of; and indeed I have for ſome years paſt, look'd upon all of 'em no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at ev'ry little diſappointment here, and even in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: For thoſe hate not more to be excell'd, than theſe to be rivall'd. And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for your ſelf, and that the ſame or leſs Induſtry might have gain'd you a Friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction which praiſe cannot beſtow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which (tho' in one reſpect like fame, not to be had 'till after death,) yet

ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams or impreſſions upon the imagination: Our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more o'ercaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturb'd with the fumes of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long-habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. *Homer* will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in Rhime: And I ſhou'd be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my *Bells* to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of 'em. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhimes, when he ſhou'd be mending his own Soul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts which

which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you, I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you; but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon *Homer*, whom I almoſt fear I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with headach's, that very much affect my ſight; and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſt an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a task you undertake, when you profeſs your ſelf my friend; there are ſome *Tories* who will take you for a *Whig*, ſome *Whigs* who

who will take you for a *Tory*, ſome *Proteſtants* who will eſteem you a rank *Papiſt*, and ſome *Papiſts* who will account you a *Heretick*.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that I am ſatisfied but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know: While you believe me what I profeſs as to Religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may ſay; while Mr. *Congreve* likes my poetry, I can endure *Dennis* and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily ſupport it, tho' the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my *Homer*. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of publick Perſecution.

cution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being look'd upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally, as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State, and ruin the publick. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obſtinacy and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has receiv'd any benefit from the labours of the Learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them only becauſe they ſucceed.—Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, &c.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I Am juſt enter'd upon the old way of life again, ſleep and muſing. It is my employment to revive the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours to tranſmit the young of the preſent, to the future. I am copying the great Maſter in one art, with the ſame love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I ſhould begin my Epiſtle to you, if it were a *Dedicatory* one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own praiſe. but what only one in the world is witneſs to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me. Whatever mankind in general would allow you, that I am not to give you to your face; and if I were to do it in your abſence, the world would tell me I am too partial to be permitted to paſs any judgment of you.

So you ſee me cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common diſcourſe. The firſt you wou'd take ill, tho' I told you but half what I ought; ſo in ſhort the laſt only remains.

And

And as for the laſt, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd theſe five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the preſent world, its cuſtoms and its manners, to be fully poſſeſt and abſorpt in the paſt? When people talk of going to Church, I think of Sacrifices and libations; when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him as *Chryſes* prieſt of *Apollo*; and inſtead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin

——*God of the ſilver Bow*, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the *Proteſtant* Succeſſion, I conſider only how *Menelaus* may recover *Helen*, and the *Trojan* war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at *Hector*'s funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are, whether my friends are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? whether *Dennis* be writing criticiſms? whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I don't? and whether *Lintott* be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

To the Same.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices which are numberleſs. *Homer* advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author, ——

—— *Picture in the front,*
With bays and wicked ryme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo intirely that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow Poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My *Réverie* has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think my ſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of *Troy*, or the recovery of *Briſeis*.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe I am pretty ſure there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſie a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantick friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have liv'd to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinc'd of the truth of a Maxim we once agreed in, That nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live together,

ther, but meer vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of such an Over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts!

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to* EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq*;

Aug. 27, 1714.

WHatever studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The Task I undertook *, tho' of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase, by the inlarging my design of the *Notes*; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carry'd me to *Oxford*: But I fear, thro' my Lord *Harcourt*'s and Dr. *Clark*'s means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of

* *The Translation of* Homer's Iliad.

the

the place, than with the Books and Manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of *old Greece*, ſince I look'd upon two or three more noted names in the publick libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the Engraver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I have been forced to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that were my epiſtle intercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raze another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, *thus far ſhalt thou advance* and *no further* *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country juſtice. To diſarm me indeed may be but prudential, conſidering what armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice: a hundred thouſand *Grecians* are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as for-

* *This relates to the Map of ancient* Greece, *laid down by our Author in his Obſervations on the ſecond* Iliad.

midable

midable as four thouſand *Prieſts*; and they ſeem proper forces to ſend againſt thoſe in *Barcelona*. That ſiege deſerves as fine a poem as the *Iliad*, and the machining part of poetry would be the juſter in it, as they ſay the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their aſſiſtance. May I venture to ſay, who am a *Papiſt*, and to ſay to you who are a *Papiſt*, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing to me, than that people ſo greatly warm'd with a ſenſe of Liberty, ſhould be capable of harbouring ſuch weak Superſtition, and that ſo much bravery and ſo much folly, can inhabit the ſame breaſts?

I could not but take a trip to *London*, on the death of the *Queen*, mov'd by the common curioſity of mankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be looking upon other men's. I thank God that as for my ſelf, I am below all the accidents of State-changes by my circumſtances, and above them by my philoſophy. Common charity of man to man, and univerſal good will to all, are the points I have moſt at heart; and I am ſure thoſe are not to be broken for the ſake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the beſt, and what I more wiſh than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the diviſions of *Whig* and *Tory*; that the parties may love each other as well

well as I love them both; or at leaſt hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we ſhall certainly let theirs; that is to ſay, that want of *power* it ſelf in us may not be a ſurer prevention of harm, than want of *will* in them. I am ſure if all *Whigs* and all *Tories* had the ſpirit of one *Roman-Catholick* that I know, it would be well for all *Roman-Catholicks*; and if all *Roman-Catholicks* had always had that ſpirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charg'd with ſo wicked a ſpirit as that of Perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiment of the ſtate of our nation ſince this change: I find my ſelf juſt in the ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own, heartily wiſhing the good, that is the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

Mr. JERVAS *to Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I cou'd keep you in ſuſpence for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. *Addiſon* and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been plac'd behind the wainſcot, or behind ſome half-length Picture to have heard. He aſſured me that he wou'd make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art to do you ſome ſervice; he did not mean his Art of Poetry, but his Art at Court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can have a better air for himſelf, than moving in your favour, eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread that he did not care you ſhou'd proſper too much as a Poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, *&c.* He owns, he was afraid Dr. *Swift* might have carry'd you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animoſity, but now

all

all is safe, and you are escap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare your self for some civilities. ——.

I have done *Homer*'s head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you wou'd have it so large, or reduc'd to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the Busto? Perhaps there is something more solemn in the Image itself, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. *Addison* together with all sincerity, I value my self upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Answer.*

Aug. 27, 1714.

I Am just arriv'd from *Oxford*, very well diverted and entertain'd there —— all very honest fellows —— much concern'd for

the Queen's death. No panegyricks ready yet for the King.

I admire your *Whig-principles* of Reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the *Barcelonians*. I joyn in your wiſh for them. Mr. *Addiſon*'s verſes on Liberty, in his letter from *Italy*, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention'd of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. *Addiſon* and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by *Philips*, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. *Addiſon* muſt be the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeem'd to be no very juſt one to me; ſo I muſt own to you I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip: And as for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſham'd to receive 'em from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning,

ligning or envying another's reputation as a Poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſ-inform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſham'd to flatter. In a word, Mr. *Addiſon* is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſs'd betwixt Dr. *Swift* and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpondence: The engagements I had to him were ſuch as the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to the ſubſcription for *Homer*, obliged me to. I muſt have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party: nor did the *Tory-party* ever put me to the hardſhip of aſking this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the *Whig-party* than the ſame liberty.——— A curſe on the word *Party*, which I have been forc'd to uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent Reign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honeſt and knave, fool and man of ſenſe;

theſe two ſorts muſt always be enemies, but for the reſt, may all people do as you and I, believe what they pleaſe and be friends.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

Octob. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by one of my friends who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little Intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice: I am only to get as much from the *Whigs*, as I got by the *Tories*, that is to ſay, Civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office, nor ſo humble, as not

to

to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value my ſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you; for (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the Author of *Cato* can ſpeak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of *Homer*, which are now in the hands of my Lord *Halifax*. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice, and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a farther requeſt, which I muſt preſs with earneſtneſs. My Bookſeller is reprinting the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, to which you have done too much honour in your *Spectator* of N° 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted "ſome ſtrokes of ill nature into that Eſſay,"

is

is the only one I could wiſh omitted of all you have written: but I wou'd not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had the merit of removing your objection: I beg you but to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and you may be aſſured they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each others opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame *Spectator*, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſervation upon *Homer*'s Verſes of *Syſiphus*'s Stone, as * *never having been made before by any of the Criticks*: I happen'd to find the ſame in *Dyonyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*'s Treatiſe, περι Συνθεσεως Ονοματων, who treats very largely upon theſe Verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you muſt needs have read tho' it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am ~~with the utmoſt eſteem~~,

Your, &c.

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* *Theſe Words are ſince left out in Mr.* Tickel's *Edition, but were extant in all during Mr.* Addiſon's *Life.*

Mr. POPE

Mr. POPE *to the Earl of* HALIFAX.

My LORD, *Dec.* 1, 1714.

I Am oblig'd to you both for the favours you have done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troubleſome or ſollicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is indeed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: But if I may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much, (as I ſincerely am)

My Lord, &c.

Mr. POPE

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion, I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing my ſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judg'd of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not. The cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better prov'd, than in diſcovering its own faults at firſt view: as when a Stream ſhows the dirt at its bottom, it ſhows alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſion'd however, by any thing an * abuſive, angry Critick could write of me. I take very kindly your heroick manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great

* Dennis, who writ an abuſive Pamphlet this Year, intitled, Remarks on *Mr. Pope's Homer*.

and

and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd and cenſur'd by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom in ſometimes neglecting as I do, to reply to your Letters ſo ſoon as I ought; thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial. A friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my *Homer*, the care is over with me. The world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an Author, as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleas'd with a ſaying of Monſieur *Tourreil*: "When a Man writes, "he ought to animate himſelf with the "thoughts of pleaſing all the world: but "he is to renounce that deſire or hope, "the very moment the Book goes out of "his hands.

I write this from *Binfield*, whither I came yeſterday, having paſt a few days in my way with my Lord *Bolingbroke*: I go to *London* in three days time, and will not fail

to pay a viſit to Mr. *M*———, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord *Halifax*'s. I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great Men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a *Papiſt* and a *Poet*. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes*, *Æquum animum mi ipſe parabo*.

~~I am yours, &c.~~

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as meer jeſt upon the tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late war. Mr. *Cromwell* hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh; and ſays, the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several templers, and others of the more vociferous

vociferous kind of criticks, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſt they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt Nights, (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſh'd by very full audiences of the firſt quality. The common people of the pit and gallery, receiv'd it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion, but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two criticks ſeem determined to undeceive the town at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: To encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolv'd a *Preface* ſhall be prefixt to the *Farce*, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. *Steele*'s affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſh'd by others, but ſuffer'd much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) receiv'd any

amends in that of intereſt, as yet; whatever may be his Proſpects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill: but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſower and pernicious quality ſhou'd be joyned with ſo much natural good humour as I think Mr. *Steele* is poſſeſs'd of.

I am, &c.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. *Pope* is going to Mr. *Jervas*'s, where Mr. *Addiſon* is ſitting for his picture; in the mean time amidſt clouds of tobacco at a coffee-houſe I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at *Will*'s, *Morrice* has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city, and *Titcomb* is reſtor'd to the great joy of *Cromwell*, who was at a great loſs for a perſon to converſe with upon the fathers and church-hiſtory; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. *Pope* owes all

all his skill in aſtronomy to him and Mr. *Whiſton*, ſo celebrated of late for his diſcovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of Verſes *. Mr. *Rowe*'s *Jane Gray* is to be play'd in *Eaſter-week*, when Mrs. *Oldfield* is to perſonate a character directly oppoſite to female nature; for what woman ever deſpis'd Sovereignty? You know *Chaucer* has a tale where a knight ſaves his head, by diſcovering it was the thing which all women moſt coveted. Mr. *Pope*'s *Homer* is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cauſes the ſheets to be long a drying; this gives Mr. *Lintot* great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a ſix-penny *Criticiſm* lately publiſh'd upon the Tragedy of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. *Pope* a knave. His grand charge is againſt the *Pilgrims Progreſs* being read, which he ſays is directly level'd at *Cato*'s reading *Plato*; to back this cenſure, he goes on to tell you, that the *Pilgrims Progreſs* being mention'd to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy

* *Call'd*, An Ode on the Longitude, *in* Swift *and* Pope's *Miſcellanies.*

of

of *Cato* having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) *viſited the Preſs*. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of Tragedy, which he ſays I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed *. Sir *Samuel Garth*'s Poem upon my Lord *Clare*'s houſe, I believe will be publiſh'd in the *Eaſter-week*.

Thus far Mr. *Gay* —— who has in his letter foreſtall'd all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould be one to you to ſay, that I ſit up till two a-clock over *Burgundy* and *Champagne*; and am become ſo much a rake, that I ſhall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any ſort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get the gout by drinking, purely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough to tranſlate four books of *Homer*. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed and couch of my predeceſſor: Pray cauſe the ſtuffing to be repaired, and the crutches ſhortned for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to ſay all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we deſire you in your turn to condole with us,

* *This curious Piece was entitled*, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. *It was written by one* Griffin *a Player, aſſiſted by* Lewis Theobald.

who

who are under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtemper which proves grievous to many poets, a *Criticiſm.* We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in ſome Diſeaſes;) and it is the opinion of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets aſſail'd by critics, are like men bitten by *Tarantula*'s, they dance on ſo much the faſter.

Mr. *Thomas Burnet* hath play'd the precurſor to the coming of *Homer*, in a treatiſe call'd *Homerides.* He has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſms, and after aſſaulting *Homer*, made a daring attack upon the * *What-d'ye-call-it.* Yet is there not a proclamation iſſued for the burning of *Homer* and the *Pope* by the common hangman; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet ſilenc'd by the Lord-Chamberlain. They ſhall ſurvive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after they and he are damned; (for that the B——p of *S.* already is ſo, is the opinion of Dr. *Sacheverel* and the Church of *Rome.*)

I am, &c.

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* *In one of his Papers call'd* The Grumbler; *long ſince dead.*

Mr. POPE

Mr. POPE *to the Earl of* B----.

My LORD,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give you an account of the extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. *Lintott*, the redoubtable rival of Mr. *Tonſon*, who mounted on a ſtonehorſe, (no diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhips mare) overtook me in *Windſor-foreſt*. He ſaid, he heard I deſign'd for *Oxford*, the ſeat of the muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I aſk'd him where he got his horſe? He anſwer'd, he got it of his publiſher: "For "that rogue, my printer, (ſaid he) diſap- "pointed me: I hoped to put him in good "humour by a treat at the tavern, of a "brown fricaſſee of rabbits which coſt two "ſhillings, with two quarts of wine, be- "ſides my converſation. I thought my ſelf "cockſure of his horſe, which he readily "promis'd me, but ſaid, that Mr. *Tonſon* "had juſt ſuch another deſign of going to "*Cambridge*, expecting there the copy of "*a Comment upon the Revelations*; and if Mr. *Tonſon*

" Mr. *Tonſon* went, he was preingaged to " attend him, being to have the printing " of the ſaid copy."

So in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of my publiſher, which he had of Mr. *Oldmixon* for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you ſee after me; he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me near two hours to waſh the ink off his face: but the Devil is a fair-condition'd Devil, and very forward in his catechiſe: if you have any more baggs, he ſhall carry them.

I thought Mr. *Lintott*'s civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bagg, containing three ſhirts and an Elzevir *Virgil*; and mounting in an inſtant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid Devil behind.

Mr. *Lintott* began in this manner. " Now " damn them! what if they ſhould put it " into the news-paper, how you and I " went together to *Oxford*? why what " would I care? If I ſhould go down into " *Suſſex*, they would ſay I was gone to " the Speaker. But what of that? if my " ſon were but big enough to go on with " the buſineſs, by G-d I would keep as " good company as old *Jacob*."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. " The " lad (ſays he) has fine parts, but is ſome-

" what ſickly, *much as you are* — I ſpare " for nothing in his education at *Weſtmin-* " *ſter*. Pray don't you think *Weſtminſter* " to be the beſt ſchool in *England*? moſt " of the *late Miniſtry* came out of it, ſo " did many of *this Miniſtry*; I hope the " boy will make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at *Oxford*? " To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) " the Univerſities do but make Pedants, " and I intend to breed him a man of Bu- " ſineſs."

As Mr. *Lintott* was talking, I obſerv'd he ſate uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſs'd ſome ſollicitude: Nothing ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the Woods. When were alighted, " See here, what a mighty pretty *Horace* I " have in my pocket? what if you amus'd " your ſelf in turning an Ode, till we mount " again? ~~Lord~~! if you pleas'd, what a " clever *Miſcellany* might you make at lei- " ſure hours." Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trott very much awakens my ſpirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſu'd for a full hour; after which *Mr. Lintott* lug'd the reins, ſtopt ſhort

ſhort, and broke out, "Well Sir, how far "have you gone?" I anſwer'd ſeven miles. "Z—ds Sir, ſaid *Lintott*, I thought you "had done ſeven ſtanza's. *Oldſworth* in "a ramble round *Wimbleton-hill*, would "tranſlate a whole Ode in half this time. "I'll ſay that for *Oldſworth*, (tho' I loſt by "his *Timothy*'s) he tranſlates an Ode of "*Horace* the *quickeſt* of any man in *En-* "*gland*. I remember Dr. *King* would write "verſes in a tavern three hours after he "could n't ſpeak: and there's Sir *Richard* "in that rumbling old Chariot of his, be- "tween *Fleet-ditch* and St. *Giles*'s pound "ſhall make you half a *Job*."

Pray Mr. *Lintott* (ſaid I) now you talk of Tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir (reply'd he) thoſe are "the ſaddeſt pack of rogues in the world: "In a hungry fit, they'll ſwear they un- "derſtand all the languages in the uni- "verſe: I have known one of them take "down a *Greek* book upon my counter "and cry, Ay this is *Hebrew*, I muſt read "it from the latter end. By G—d I can "never be ſure in theſe fellows, for I nei- "ther underſtand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, "nor *Italian* my ſelf. But this is my "way: I agree with them for ten ſhillings "*per* ſheet, with a proviſo, that I will "have their doings corrected by whom I

" pleaſe; ſo by one or other they are led " at laſt to the true ſenſe of an author; " my judgment giving the negative to all " my Tranſlators." But how are you ſecure that thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? " Why I get any civil gentle- " man, (eſpecially any *Scotchman*) that " comes into my ſhop, to read the origi- " nal to me in *Engliſh*; by this I know " whether my firſt Tranſlator be deficient, " and whether my Corrector merits his " money or no?

" I'll tell you what happen'd to me laſt " month: I bargain'd with S——— for " a new verſion of *Lucretius* to publiſh " againſt *Tonſon*'s; agreeing to pay the au- " thor ſo many ſhillings at his producing " ſo many lines. He made a great pro- " greſs in a very ſhort time, and I gave it " to the corrector to compare with the " *Latin*; but he went directly to *Creech*'s " tranſlation, and found it the ſame word " for word, all but the firſt page. Now, " what d'ye think I did? I arreſted the " *Tranſlator* for a cheat; nay, and I ſtopt " the *Corrector's pay* too, upon this proof " that he had made uſe of *Creech* inſtead " of the original.

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? " Sir (ſaid he) nothing more " eaſy. I can ſilence the moſt formidable

" of

" of them; the rich one's for a ſheet a-
" piece of the blotted manuſcript, which
" coſts me nothing. They'll go about
" with it to their acquaintance, and pre-
" tend they had it from the author, who
" ſubmitted to their correction: this has
" given ſome of them ſuch an air, that in
" time they come to be conſulted with,
" and dedicated to, as the top critics of
" the town.—— As for the poor Critics,
" I'll give you one inſtance of my manage-
" ment, by which you may gueſs at the
" reſt. A lean man that look'd like a very
" good ſcholar, came to me t'other day;
" he turn'd over *Homer*, ſhook his head,
" ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, and piſh'd at
" every line of it; *One would wonder*
" (ſays he) *at the ſtrange preſumption of*
" *men*; Homer *is no ſuch eaſy task, that*
" *every Stripling, every Verſifier* —— he
" was going on when my Wife call'd to
" dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will you pleaſe to
" eat a *piece of beef* with me? Mr. *Lintott*,
" ſaid he, *I am ſorry you ſhould be at the*
" *expence of this great book, I am really con-*
" *cern'd on your account* —— Sir I am much
" oblig'd to you: if you can dine upon a
" piece of beef, together with a ſlice of
" pudding — *Mr.* Lintott, *I do not ſay but*
" *Mr.* Pope, *if he would condeſcend to ad-*
" *viſe with men of learning* — Sir, the *pud-*

" *ding*

"*ding* is upon the table, if you pleaſe to "go in —— My critic complies, he comes "to a taſte of your poetry, and tells me "in the ſame breath, that the *Book* is "commendable, and the *Pudding* excel-"lent.

Now Sir (concluded Mr. *Lintott*) in return to the frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, "Is it the opinion of your friends "at Court that my Lord *L*——— will be "brought to the Bar or not?" I told him I heard *not*, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be (reply'd Mr. *Lintott*) but "by God if he is not, I ſhall loſe the print-"ing of a very good Trial."

Theſe my Lord are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of my friend Mr. *Lintott*, which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to *Oxford*, and paid a viſit to my Lord *Carlton* at *Middleton*.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudic'd by my pen, and the pleaſures from them only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt my ſelf from your horſe at your feet.

I am, &c.

Dr.

Dr. PARNELL *to Mr.* POPE.

June 27, 1715.

I Am writing you a long letter, but all the tediouſneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I cou'd remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould be aſham'd to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable: What wou'd you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of happier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach. ——

My * *Zoilus* which you us'd to write about, I finiſh'd laſt ſpring, and left in

* *Printed for* B. Lintott 1715, 8° *under this Title.*

town,

town, I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

I have here ſeen the *Firſt Book* of *Homer*, which came out at a time when it cou'd not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may if you pleaſe, give *them thanks who writ it*. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is, that, a ſcholar being concern'd, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of *Pallas*'s eyes into the eyes of *Achilles*; making the taunt of *Achilles* to *Agamemnon*, (that he ſhould have ſpoils when *Troy* ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you call *ablution* by the word *Offals*, and ſo leaving *Water* out of the rite of luſtration, *&c.* but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

From

From a Letter of the Reverend Doctor BERKELEY *Dean of* London-derry.

July 7, 1715.

—— Some days ago, three or four Gentlemen and my ſelf exerting that right which all readers pretend to over Authors, ſate in judgment upon the two new Tranſlations of the firſt *Iliad*. Without partiality to my country-men, I aſſure you they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr. ———'s, and without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a thread-bare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter from Mr. GAY *to Mr.* POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—— I have juſt ſet down Sir *Samuel Garth* at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your Tranſlation, but a few at *Button*'s; and that Sir *Richard Steele* told him, that Mr. *Addiſon* ſaid *Tickel*'s tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language *. He treated me with extream civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the Sore finger. —— I am inform'd that at *Button*'s your character is made very free with as morals, &c. and Mr. *A*—— ſays, that your tranſlation and *Tickel*'s are both very well done, but that the latter has more of *Homer*.

I am, &c.

* *Sir* Richard Steele *afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the* Drummer, *a Comedy by Mr.* Addiſon, *ſhews it to be his opinion, that* " not Mr. *Tickel* but Mr. *Addiſon* " himſelf was the Perſon that tranſlated this book.

Extract

Extract from a Letter of Dr. ARBUTHNOT *to Mr.* POPE.

July 9, 1715.

—— I congratulate you upon Mr. *Tickel*'s first Book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a Translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the History of *ancient Ceremonies and Rites*, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to the Honourable* JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq*;

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, to

assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long born you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have pass'd together. I wish it were a compliment to say such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the Water: for the Spirit of Dissention is gone forth among us; nor is it a wonder that *Button*'s is no longer *Button*'s, when *Old England* is no longer *Old England*, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politicks as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refin'd sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, profes's'd wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about *Whig* and *Tory*, than these idle fellows of the Feather about Mr. *Tickel*'s and my Translation. I (like the *Tories*) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my side; but 'tis usual with the smaller Party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that's the case with the little Senate of *Cato*. However, if our Principles be well consider'd, I

must

must appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr. *Tickel* a rank *Tory*; I translated *Homer* for the publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of One man only. We have it seems, a great *Turk* in Poetry, who can never bear a Brother on the throne; and has his Mutes too, a sett of Nodders, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new Translator of *Homer* is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling: let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceedings from the small Court-faction at *Button*'s. But after all I have said of this great Man, there is no rupture between us: We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the *Grand Monarch*; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, tho' we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of *Homer*, I must not forget the early Present you made me of *Monsieur de la Motte*'s Book. And I can't conclude

clude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news which affects our very Entrails, ——— is dead, and Soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the Minister "but to the Friend." —— However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the Minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Decemb. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's of *Pythagoras*, *When the Winds rise, worship the Eccho.* A modern Writer explains this to signify, "*When popular Tumults begin, retire* "*to Solitudes, or such places where Eccho's are* "*commonly found; Rocks, Woods*, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When Rumours increase, and when there "is abundance of Noise and Clamour, be-"lieve the *second Report*." This I think agrees more exactly with the *Eccho*, and is the more natural application of the Symbol.

How-

However it be, either of these precepts is extreamly proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your Cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking Ice to that of breaking Statesmen, the rage of Storms to that of Parties, and fury and ravage of Floods and Tempests, to the precipitancy of some, and the ruin of others, which I fear will be our daily prospect in *London*.

I sincerely wish my self with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rymes and the measuring of syllables: To be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the Poet in *Petronius*, who while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me you like the sound of no arms but those of *Achilles*: for my part I like them as little as the others. I listed my self in the battles of *Homer*, and I am no sooner in war, but like most other folks, I wish my self out again.

I hear-

I heartily joyn with you in wiſhing Quiet to our native country: Quiet in the ſtate, which like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or proſpect whatſoever: Fire and ſword, and fire and faggot are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's Country is a glorious Elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one as to be a lover of Mankind.

~~Mr. S——— and~~ I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly Catholick health; which far excels the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to *this Church*, or *that Church*: Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to *wiſh* generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions, but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

———

Sir

Sir W. TRUMBULL's *Answer.*

Jan. 19, 1715-6.

I Should be asham'd of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about *Ecchо*, and your most ingenious explanation of it, relating to Popular tumults; which I own to be very useful: And yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep my self to a shorter receipt of the same *Pythagoras*, which is *Silence*; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till Your return into this country. I am oblig'd further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the fire as may be, yet *Gelidus concrevit frigore Sanguis*: and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stop'd. I have further, great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor Oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna Boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second Volume of *Homer* is not frozen; for it must be expres'd very poetically to say now, that the Presses *sweat*.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being oblig'd to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: When finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of *Martial*'s Epigram on *Antonius Primus* *. This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray deſire my good friend Mr. *Rowe* to enter a Caveat) provided you will further increaſe my ſtock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my eſtate, and as *honeſtly* as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the Father of this fine child, or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are ſo frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, *Dear Sir*,

Your, &c.

* Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.

Sir William Trumbull *was born at* Baſthampſted *in* Berkſhire: *He was Fellow of* All Souls *College in* Oxford, *follow'd the Study of the Civil Law, and was ſent by King* Charles *the Second*

To Mr. Jervas, *in* Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my Tax but once in half a Year, yet you ſhall ſee by this Letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay a double Tax, as we Non-Jurors ought to do. Your Acquaintance on this ſide the Sea are under terrible Apprehenſions, from your long ſtay in *Ireland*, that you may grow too Polite for them; for we think (ſince the great ſucceſs of ſo damn'd a Play as the Non-Juror) that Politeneſs is gone over the Water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with *Frogs*, and with equal Succeſs. Poor *Poetry!* the little that's left of it here longs to croſs the Seas, and leave *Euſden* in full

Second Judge-Advocate to Tangier, *thence Envoy to* Florence, Turin, *&c. and in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to* France: *from thence, ſent by King* James *the Second Ambaſſador to the* Ottoman Porte. *Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treaſury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of* Shrewſbury, *which Office he reſign'd in* 1697. *He retir'd to* Eaſthamſted, *in* Windſor Foreſt, *and died in the Place of his Nativity in* December 1716, *aged* 77 *Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Foreſt, and addreſt to him his firſt Paſtoral at* 16 *Years of Age.*

and peaceable Poſſeſſion of the Britiſh Laurel: And we begin to wiſh you had the ſinging of our Poets, as well as the croaking of our Frogs, to yourſelves in *Sæcula Sæculorum.* It would be well in exchange, if *Parnelle*, and two or three more of your Swans, would come hither, eſpecially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not ſing at all, Dr. *Swift.* I am (like the reſt of the World) a Sufferer by his Idleneſs. Indeed I hate that any Man ſhould be idle, while I muſt tranſlate and comment; And I may the more ſincerely wiſh for good Poetry from others, becauſe I am become a perſon out of the queſtion; for a Tranſlator is no more a Poet, than a Taylor is a Man.

You are doubtleſs perſuaded of the Validity of that famous Verſe,

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing dear:

but why would you make your Friends fonder of you than they are? There's no manner of need of it---We begin to expect you no more than *Anti-chriſt.* A Man that hath abſented himſelf ſo long from his Friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every Body here has great need of you. Many Faces have died for ever for want of your Pencil, and blooming Ladies have

wither'd

wither'd in expecting your return. Even *Frank* and *Betty* (that conſtant Pair) cannot conſole themſelves for your Abſence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own Picture in a pretty Babe, before you come home: 'Twill be a noble Subject for a Family Piece. Come then, and having peopled *Ireland* with a World of beautiful Shadows, come to us, and ſee with that Eye (which, like the Eye of the World, creates Beauties by looking on them) ſee, I ſay, how *England* has alter'd the Airs of all its heads in your Abſence; and with what ſneaking City Attitudes our moſt celebrated Perſonages appear in the meer mortal Works of our Painters.

Mr. *Forteſcue* is much yours; *Gay* commemorates you; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my Lord *Burlington* deſires you may be put in mind of him. His Gardens flouriſh, his Structures riſe, his Pictures arrive, and (what is far nobler and more valuable than all) his own good Qualities daily extend themſelves to all about him: Whereof, I the meaneſt (next to ſome *Italian* Chymiſts, Fidlers, Bricklayers, and Opera-makers) am a living Inſtance.

To the ſame.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmoſt to lead my Life ſo pleaſantly as to forget all Misfortunes, I ſhould tell you I reckoned your Abſence no ſmall one; but I hope you have alſo had many good and pleaſant Reaſons to forget your Friends on this ſide the World. If a wiſh could tranſport me to you, and your preſent Companions, I could do the ſame. Dr. *Swift*, I believe, is a very good Landlord, and a chearful Hoſt at his own Table; I ſuppoſe he has perfectly learnt himſelf, what he has taught ſo many others, *Rupta non inſanire lagena.* Elſe he would not make a proper Hoſt for your humble Servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a Glaſs as ſeldom as any Man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a Conſolation to me, that I can do this, and many other Enormities, under my own Roof.

But that you and I are upon 'equal terms of all friendly Lazineſs, and have taken an inviolable Oath to each other, always to do what we will; I ſhould reproach you for ſo long a ſilence. The beſt amends you can make for ſaying nothing

nothing to me, is by ſaying all the good you can of me, which is that I heartily love and eſteem the Dean, and Dr. *Parnelle.*

Gay is yours and theirs. His Spirit is awakened very much in the Cauſe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous Couplet or two upon Sir *Richard Bl*—— He has printed it with his Name to it, and bravely aſſigns no other Reaſon, than that the ſaid Sir *Richard* has abuſed Dr. *Swift.* I have alſo ſuffered in the like Cauſe, and ſhall ſuffer more; unleſs *Parnelle* ſends me his *Zoilus* and *Bookworm* (which the Biſhop of *Clogher*, I hear greatly extols) it will be ſhortly, *Concurrere Bellum atque Virum.* — I love you all, as much as I deſpiſe moſt Wits in this dull Country. *Ireland* has turned the tables upon *England*; and if I have no Poetical Friend in my own Nation, I'll be as proud as *Scipio*, and ſay (ſince I am reduced to Skin and Bone) *Ingrata patria, ne* oſſa *quidem habeas.*

To the same.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your Correspondent, but to a ramble to *Oxford*, where your name is mention'd with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Doctor *Clarke*: He entertain'd me with several Drawings, and particularly with the original designs of *Inigo Jones*'s *Whitehall*. I there saw and reverenced some of your first Pieces; which future Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom.* of *Homer*.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. *Parnelle* and his Frogs? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, might be *Horace*'s wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr. *Parnelle* and Dr. *Swift*. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admir'd in your own Country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets. But in this you have

have the Advantage of Poets; you are Maſter of an Art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old *Ogygiæ*. If you have begun to be Hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious *Iriſhman* ought to begin with, that of St. *Patrick*: To the end you may be obliged (as Dr. *P.* was, when he tranſlated the *Batrachomuomachia*) to come into *England* to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other Vermine as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do ſomething for the Publick; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe Statues from which you learn'd your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their *Characters*. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that noble deſign.

As to your enquiry about your Houſe, when I come within the walls, they put

me in mind of thoſe of *Carthage*, where your Friend, like the wandring *Trojan*,

Animum Pictura paſcit inani.

For the ſpacious Manſion, like a *Turkiſh* Caravanſerah, entertains the Vagabond with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours, and lend out your Pictures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your Houſe! *Frank* indeed does all he can in ſuch a Circumſtance, for conſidering he has a wild Beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the Door chain'd. Every time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the ruſty Hinges roar, the Houſe ſeems ſo ſenſible that you are its ſupport, that it is ready to drop in your Abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under its Roof, as depending that Providence will preſerve ſo many *Raphaels*, *Titian's* and *Guido's*, as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be ſo heavy, as to bring an old Houſe over the Heads of ſo many Painters. In a word, your Houſe is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger.

Mr.

Mr. Secretary Craggs, *to Mr.* Pope.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST poſt brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th *Aug. O. S.* It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a Witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very Agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where Pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the Example, and the Subjects follow at a diſtance. The Ladies are of all parties, by which means the converſation of the Men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes on Politicks, and rough Jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe Beauties are a little too artificial for my Taſte; you have ſeen a *French* Picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of Powder and eſſence in their Hair, that you can ſee no difference between black

black and red. By diſuſing Stays, and indulging themſelves at Table, they are run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this means as ready, as they are generally willing to be Charitable.

I am ſurpriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much Scandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a Wit, or imagine I muſt Write in this Style to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natured one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall Encouragement you meet with. If you'll compleat your favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords *W——ck*, *St——*, and *H——y*. I have had my hopes and fears they would have abuſed me before this Time; I am ſure it is not my buſineſs to meddle with a neſt of Bees (I ſpeak only of the Honey.) I won't trouble my ſelf to finiſh finely, a true Compliment is better than a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, that I am very Sincerely,

SIR, *Yours, &c.*

The

The Revd. *Dean* * Berkley, *to Mr.* Pope.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S, 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was diſcouraged for want of ſomething that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is ſuch an exhauſted Subject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet, is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheleſs lately return'd from an Iſland, where I paſſed three or four Months, which, were it ſet out in its true Colours, might methinks amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The Iſland *Inarime*, is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing within the compaſs of eighteen Miles, a wonderful variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic Confuſion. The Air is

* *Afterwards Biſhop of* Cloyne *in* Ireland, ~~*a celebrated Metaphyſician*~~, *Author of the Dialogues of* Hylas *and* Philonuſes, *the* Minute Philoſopher, *&c.*

in

in the hotteſt Seaſon, conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are moſtly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie every where open to the Paſſenger. The Hills are the greater part covered to the top with Vines, ſome with Cheſnut Groves, and others with thickets of Myrtle and Lentiſcus. The Fields in the Northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren Spots, and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, riſing out of the middle of the Iſland (once a terrible *Volcano*, by the Ancients called *Mons Epomeus*) its lower parts are adorned with Vines, and other Fruits, the middle affords Paſture to flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the top is a ſandy pointed Rock, from which you have the fineſt Proſpect in the World, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſeveral pleaſant Iſlands lying at your Feet, a tract of *Italy* about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of

Antium,

Antium, to the Cape of *Palinurus*. The greater part of which, hath been ſung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a conſiderable part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Iſlands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte Miſeno*, the Habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Leſtrygones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campagnia felice*, make but a part of this noble Landſcape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Iſle, as they are without Riches and Honours, ſo are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice ~~or~~ Ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an alloy to their Happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight Offences. We had an Inſtance of this the ſecond Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen, being ſhot dead by our Door: And yet by the ſole ſecret of minding our own Buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous People. Would you know how we paſs the time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours.

bours. Beſides the gayety of their Churches (where Folks go to ſee what they call *una bella Devotione* (i. e.) a ſort of Religious Opera) they make Fireworks almoſt every Week, out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras, out of Devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houſes, and treat them with Muſick and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a word, were it not for this Devotion of its Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in *Italy*. However, among many pretenders, ſome Men of taſte are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long ſince, that being to viſit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*. He liked the Notes extreamly, and could find no other fault with the Verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wiſh you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh your Succeſs. You will do me the Juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare is ſincerely wiſhed, by

Your, &c.

Mr.

Mr. Pope *to* -----

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the boſom, to render the Soul of Man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for; yet even that would not do in our caſe, while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you'll die in *Ireland*, and that ~~the~~ Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam reverteris* —— I ſhou'd be apt to think you in *Sancho*'s caſe; ſome Duke has made you Governor of an Iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtring Laws to the wild *Iriſh*. But I muſt own, when you talk of *Building* and *Planting*, you touch my String; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the Fellow that thought himſelf *Jupiter* would have pardon'd the other Madman who call'd himſelf his Brother *Neptune*. Alas Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Tranſlator, and at laſt thro' meer dulneſs is turn'd an Architect. You know *Martial*'s Cenſure—— *Præconem facito, vel Architectum.* However I have one way left, to plan, to *elevate*, and

to

to ſurprize (as *Bays* ſays.) The next you may expect to hear, is that I am in Debt.

The Hiſtory of my Tranſplantation and Settlement which you deſire, would require a Volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my Life: Much more, ſhould I deſcribe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perſpectives, *&c.* of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raiſed, by the ſtrength of that Faculty wherein all ~~great~~ Genius's excel, Imagination. At laſt, the Gods and Fate have fix'd me on the borders of the *Thames*, in the Diſtricts of *Richmond* and *Twickenham*. It is here I have paſt an entire Year of my life, without any fix'd abode in *London*, or more than caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at moſt in a Month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd ~~in triumph~~ from Eternizing the *Ireland* of *this Age*. For you my Structures riſe; for you my Colonades extend their Wings; for you my Groves aſpire, and Roſes bloom. And to ſay truth, I hope Poſterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal Motives of my Architecture, that it was a Manſion prepar'd to receive you, againſt your own

ſhould

ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtin'd to be the Tomb of poor —— and —— and the immortal Monument of the Fidelity of two ſuch Servants, who have excell'd in Conſtancy the very Rats of your Family.

Hawk / Betty / 2. 2

What more can I tell you of myſelf? ſo much, and yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care, or know, how to do it. But the very reaſons that are againſt putting it upon Paper, are as ſtrong for telling it you in Perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long deny'd the ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the *Iriſh* Sea, like the Ghoſts in *Virgil*,

—Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, & novies Styx circumfuſa coërcet!

and I can't expreſs how I long to renew our old intercourſe and converſation, our morning Conferences in bed in the ſame Room, our evening Walks in the Park, our amuſing Voyages on the Water, our philoſophical Suppers, our Lectures, our Diſſertations, our Gravities, our Reveries, our Fooleries, our what not? —— This awakens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made a part in all theſe. Poor *Parnelle*, *Garth*, *Rowe!* You juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the Death of the laſt: *Parnelle* was too much in my mind, to

whoſe Memory I am erecting the beſt Monument I can. What he gave me to publiſh, was but a ſmall part of what he left behind him, but it was the beſt, and I will not make it worſe by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at *Cheſter*, or *Dublin*; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr. *Rowe*; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for *Weſtminſter-Abbey*---- After theſe, the beſt natur'd of Men, Sir *Samuel Garth*, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His Death was very Heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint, or a Philoſopher famous: But ill Tongues, and worſe Hearts have branded even his laſt Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life, with Irreligion. You muſt have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. *Garth*.

I am, &c.

LETTERS

To the Honourable

ROBERT DIGBY,

From Mr. POPE.

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From Mr. POPE.

To the Honourable Robert Digby.

~~*Chiſwick*~~, *Jan.* 2, 1717.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Had pleas'd myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your Succeſſor in a Fit of Sickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your * Phyſicians. They are as grave Perſons as any of the Faculty, and (like the Antients) carry their own Medicaments about with them. But indeed the Moderns are ſuch lovers of Raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let 'em laugh, but People will ſtill have their Opinions: As they think our Doctors Aſſes to them, we'll think them Aſſes to our Doctors.

* Aſſes.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of Health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your Danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr. *Evans* ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the World, I would not give ſix-pence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concern'd as to the point, whether you are to live fat or lean: Moſt Men of Wit or Honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean; ſo I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you ſhall: However be comforted, and reflect that you'll make the better Buſto for it.

'Tis ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own Books, but to make your Acquaintance continue the frolick. Mr. *Wharton* forc'd me to take *Gorboduc*, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done *Dryden* and *Oldham* ſome diſkindneſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their *Gorbuduc*, and this, as between Queen *Anne*, and King *George*. It is truly a ſcandal, that Men ſhould write with contempt of a Piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the Sex, as well as Senſe, of *Gorboduc*.

Adieu!

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind, the next I ſhall think of nothing but the ~~Terms of~~ *Agamemnon*, and the Recovery of *Briſeis*. I ſhall be *Achilles*'s humble Servant theſe two months (with the good leave of all my Friends.) I have no Ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir *Salathiel Lovel*, Recorder of *London*, To furniſh out a decent and plentiful Execution, of *Greeks* and *Trojans*—It is not to be expreſt how heartily I wiſh the Death of all *Homer*'s Heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the Day of Battle, which is juſt approaching! ~~Dear Sir~~, join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always ~~(whether I live, die, or am damn'd as a Poet)~~

~~*Yours moſt faithfully.*~~

To the ſame.

~~*London,*~~ *March* 31, 1718.

~~*Dear Sir,*~~

TO convince you how little pain I give myſelf, in correſponding with Men of good Nature, and good Underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your Letters till a time, when another man would be aſhamed to own he had received them. If

therefore you are ever moved on my account by that Spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a Quotidian Ague, I mean the Spirit of Goodneſs, pray never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging me to a Civility beyond my natural Inclination: I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my Folly when I write, but with my Negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the reſt of this Paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with Conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with Laughter at each Sentence, and pauſe at each Period, to look back over how much Wit you had paſs'd. But I have found by experience, that people now-adays regard Writing as little as they do Preaching: The moſt we can hope is to be heard, juſt with Decency and Patience, once a week, by Folks in the Country: Here in Town we hum over a piece of fine Writing, and we whiſtle at a Sermon. The Stage is the only place we ſeem alive at; there indeed we ſtare, and roar, and clap hands for K. *George* and the Government. As for all other Virtues but this Loyalty, they are an obſolete Train, ſo ill-dreſs'd, that Men, Women, and Children hiſs 'em out of all good Company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door,

that

that every Footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free Entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady *Scudamore*, from having ruſticated in your Company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us: She pretends to open her eyes for the ſake of ſeeing the Sun, and to ſleep becauſe it is Night; drinks Tea at nine in the Morning, and is thought to have ſaid her Prayers before; talks without any manner of ſhame of good Books, and has not ſeen *Cibber*'s Play of the *Non-juror*. I rejoyced the other day to ſee a Libel on her Toilette, which gives me ſome hope that you have at leaſt a Taſte of Scandal left you, in defect of all other Vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the Joys of this City, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you wou'd keep your Happineſs to yourſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with Envy at a Bliſs which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

To the ſame.

Dear Sir, *May* 1, 1720.

YOU'LL think me very full of my ſelf, when after a long Silence (which

however to ſay truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to forget you. I begin to talk of my own Works, I find it is in the Finiſhing a Book, as in concluding a Seſſion of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for Incidents to retard the Clearing *any publick Account*, and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued my ſelf, like great Miniſters, with undertaking too much for one Man, and with a Deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſign'd Four very laborious and uncommon ſorts of Indexes to *Homer*, I'm forc'd, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've alſo been oblig'd to leave unfiniſh'd in my desk the Heads of two Eſſays, one on the *Theology* and *Morality* of *Homer*, and another on the *Oratory* of *Homer* and *Virgil*. So they muſt wait for future Editions, or periſh; and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*.

I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good Memorials of you as your Siſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord

Digby

Digby muſt be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his Children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your Family, to make all Elder Sons wiſh they had Fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the ſubject of filial Love, without putting you in mind of an old Woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhion'd reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her Son for not having writ to you oftner, to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my Lady *Scudamore* wiſhes, your Siſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful Contraſte this Seaſon affords us, of the Town and the Country. No Ideas you could form in the Winter can make you imagine what *Twickenham* is ~~(and what your Friend Mr. *Johnſon* of *Twickenham* is)~~ in this warmer Seaſon. Our River glitters beneath an unclouded Sun, at the ſame time that its Banks retain the Verdure of Showers: Our Gardens are offering their firſt Noſegays; our Trees, like new Acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their Arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: The Birds are paying their thankſgiving Songs for the new Habitations I have made 'em: My Building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity

curiosity of the Passenger from the River, where, upon beholding a mixture of Beauty and Ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what Church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of *Vitruvius*; whatever delight the ~~true, unseen~~, poetical Gods of the River may take, in reflecting on their Streams my *Tuscan* Porticos, or *Ionic* Pilasters.

But (to descend from all this Pomp of Style) the best account ~~I can give~~ of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant Rooms for such a Friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady *Scudamore*, when she will do me the honour (at this Publick House on the Road) to drink her own Cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the Death of a Friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a meer Jest! Buildings, Gardens, Writings, Pleasures, Works, of whatever stuff Man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a Creature that is Mortal, or of satisfying a Soul that is Immortal! Dear Sir, I am

~~Your most faithful Servant.~~

To

To the ſame.

July 20. 1720.

YOUR kind deſire to know the ſtate of my Health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeem'd an unconcern'd party in the Joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady *Scudamore*, whoſe ſhort *Eſchantillon* of a Letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort Glimpſe of a Viſion afforded to ſome devout Hermit; for it includes (as thoſe Revelations do) a promiſe of a better Life in the Elyſian Groves of *Cirenceſter*, whither, I could almoſt ſay in the ſtyle of a Sermon, the *Lord bring us all, &c.* Thither may we tend, by various ways to one bliſsful Bower: Thither may Health, Peace, and Good Humour, wait upon us as Aſſociates: Thither may whole Cargoes of Nectar (Liquor of Life and Longævity!) by mortals call'd *Spaw-water*, be convey'd, and there (as *Milton* has it) may we, like the Deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
Quaff Immortality and Joy —— [*ſmile*

When

When I ſpeak of Garlands, I ſhould not forget the green Veſtments and Scarfs which your Siſters promis'd to make for this purpoſe: I expect you too in Green with a Hunting-horn by your Side and a green Hat, the Model of which you may take from *Osborne*'s Deſcription of King *James* the Firſt.

What Words, what Numbers, what Oratory or what Poetry, can ſuffice, to expreſs how infinitely I eſteem, value, love and deſire you all, above all the Great ones, the rich ones, and the vain ones of this part of the World! above all the Jews, Jobbers, Bubblers, Subſcribers, Projectors, Directors, Governors, Treaſurers, *&c. &c. &c. &c. in ſæcula ſæculorum!*

Turn your Eyes and Attention from this miſerable mercenary Period; and turn yourſelf, in a juſt Contempt of theſe Sons of Mammon, to the Contemplation of Books, Gardens, and Marriage. In which I now leave you, and return (Wretch that I am!) to Water-gruel and *Palladio*.

I am, &c.

To

To the ſame.

Twickenham, Sept. 1.

Dear Sir,

YOUR Doctor is going to the *Bath*, and ſtays a Fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any for one that is ill, and a better Doctor than any for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. *Mary Digby*: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him: For (as Dean *Swift* obſerv'd to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) *He is a Man that can do every thing, but walk.* His Brother, who is lately come into *England*, goes alſo to the *Bath*; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The Spirit of *Philanthropy*, ſo long dead to our World, is reviv'd in him: He is a Philoſopher all of fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own *Vortex*. He is a Star that looks

looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If there be other men in the world that would ſerve a Friend, yet He is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy ſerve a Friend.

As all human Life is chequer'd and mixed with Acquiſitions and Loſſes (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory) ſo at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy Man I have loſt another, a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly Neighbour, Mr. *Stonor*. It's certain the Loſs of one of this Character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater Value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our Eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays *Seneca*, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one Friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole remaining Ruin, the laſt tottering Column of all the Fabrick of Friendſhip; once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried?

I am, &c.

To the ſame.

Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in ſafety at *Twickenham*; tho' 'tis a ſort of Earneſt, that you will be troubled again with me at *Sherborne*, or *Coleſhill*; for however I may like One of your places, it may be in that as in liking One of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them; I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady *Scudamore* from you, as I fear ſhe will do herſelf, before this letter reaches you: So I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as You do; tho' I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly: I ſuſpect the Bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miſs *Scudamore*'s birthdays, and that all the Clergy in the County come to pay reſpects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from

from the young Lady, further buſineſs, and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lord *Coningsby*, and on the other Mr. *W*---- Yet I ſhall, when the Days and the Years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord *Digby* to think me a better Man than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, His Servant, as you are his Son, or he your Father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from *Clarendon*, and deſire Mr. *Philips* to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. *W*---- that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young Ladies, whom I almoſt robb'd of their Good name, a better Name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they like beſt for the ſake of the Man that bears it.)

Your ~~ever faithful~~

and affectionate Servant.

To

To the ſame.

1722.

YOUR making a ſort of Apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt Knowledge in the World) I know you will forgive me: For ſure nothing is more ſatisfactory than to be certain of ſuch a Friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince every ſuch inſtance is a Conviction of his Kindneſs.

If I am all my life to dwell in Intentions, and never to riſe to Actions, I have but too much need of that gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myſelf, and fully purpoſe to make you a viſit this Summer at *Sherbourn*. I'm told you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs. *Mary Digby* talks in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of ſeeing my Lord *Bathurſt*'s Wood in her way. How much I wiſh to be her Guide thro' that enchanted Foreſt, is not to be expreſt: I look upon myſelf as the Magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the Receſſes of thoſe ſacred Shades. I could paſs whole Days, in only deſcribing to

her the future, and as yet visionary Beauties, that are to rise in those Scenes: The Palace that is to be built, the Pavillions that are to glitter, the Colonnades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' secret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rise and openly celebrate their Marriage in the midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Posterity a hundred Years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs. *Digby* must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest Wood in *England*.

The Objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different Nature. Women of Quality are all turn'd Followers of the *Camp* in *Hyde-Park* this Year, whither all the Town resort to magnificent Entertainments given by the Officers, &c. The *Scythian* Ladies that dwelt in the Waggons of War, were not more closely attached to the Luggage. The Matrons, like those of *Sparta*, attend their Sons to the Field, to be the Witnesses of their glorious Deeds; and the Maidens

with

with all their Charms diſplay'd, provoke the Spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee ſupply the place of *Lacedemonian* black Broth. This Camp ſeems crowned with perpetual Victory, for every Sun that riſes in the Thunder of Cannon, ſets in the Muſick of Violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the *Princeſs*, to repreſent the *Mater Exercitûs*.

At *Twickenham* the World goes otherwiſe. There are certain old People who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other Company. They were introduced here by a Man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my Contemporaries, and won't ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon 'em. The Perſon I complain of is the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your Character and that of your Family, as if you were of the old Sect of Moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of Paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of People never tell but with Truth, and religious Sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

~~*Dear SIR,*~~

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

THE ſame reaſon that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleaſing Expectation to ſee you in Town. Indeed ſince the willing Confinement I have lain under here with my Mother, (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your Abſence from *London*, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick Room hither from the firſt Embraces of your Friends. My Mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not ſo much as yet to venture out of her Chamber, ~~yet~~ enough to enjoy a few particular Friends, when they have the good Nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the Room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) Account, that it is the very *warmeſt* in the Houſe: We and our Fires will equally ſmile upon your Face. There ~~is a~~ *Perſian* Proverb that ſays, I think very prettily, *The Converſation of a Friend brightens the Eyes.* This I take to be a Splendor,

Splendor ſtill more agreeable than the Fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own Fire-ſide, in the metaphorical Senſe, that is, all thoſe of your Family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry Months together, (a far more rational Delight, and better felt by an honeſt Heart, than all the glaring Entertainments, numerous Lights, and falſe Splendors, of an *Aſſembly* of empty Heads, aking Hearts, and falſe Faces) This is my ſincere Wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much Pleaſure in ſeeing ſome few *Faces* about Town of my Acquaintance, I gueſs you mean Mrs. *Howard*'s and Mrs. *Blount*'s. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much Pleaſure in their *Hearts*, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all a very faithful Servant.

To the same.

October 10.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater Journey than to *Bermudas*, even to That undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn no Traveller returns!

~~A Fever carry'd me on the high Gallop towards it for six or seven days ——~~ But here you have me now, ~~and that's all I shall say of it~~: Since which time an impertinent Lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say (after the other dangerous Illness) "You shall neither go into the "other World, nor any where you like in "this." Else who knows but I had been at *Hornsey*?

I conspire in your Sentiments, emulate your Pleasures, wish for your Company. You are all of one Heart and one Soul, as was said of the Primitive Christians: 'Tis like the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth; not a wicked Wretch to interrupt you; but a Set of try'd, experienc'd Friends, and fellow Comforters, who have seen Evil Men and Evil Days, and have by a superior Rectitude of Heart set yourselves above them,

and

and reap your Reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a Millenary Year in *London*? transmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other Creatures, in that Scene of Folly Militant, when you may reign for ever at *Hom-lacy* in Senſe and Reaſon Triumphant? I appeal to a Third Lady in your Family, whom I take to be the moſt Innocent, and the leaſt warp'd by idle Faſhion and Cuſtom, of you all; I appeal to Her, if you are not every Soul of you better People, better Companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her Opinion under her Hand in your next Letter, I mean Miſs *Scudamore*'s †† — I'm confident if ſhe would, or durſt ſpeak her Senſe, and employ that Reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more Thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe Arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of Town, like People ſenſible of your own Felicities. I am not without hopes, if She can detain a Parliament Man and a Lady of Quality from the World one Winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtable Arguments another Year, as may carry you all

†† *Afterwards Ducheſs of* Beaufort, *at this time about twelve Years old.*

with me to *Bermudas*, † the Seat of all Earthly Happineſs, and the new *Jeruſalem* of the Righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the Year, the Seaſon is good where the People are ſo: 'Tis the beſt Time of the Year for a Painter; there is more Variety of Colours in the Leaves, the Proſpects begin to open, thro' the thinner Woods, over the Vallies; and thro' the high Canopies of Trees to the higher Arch of Heaven: The Dews of the Morning impearl every Thorn, and ſcatter Diamonds on the verdant Mantle of the Earth: The Froſts are freſh and wholeſome; What wou'd ye have? The Moon ſhines too, tho' not for Lovers theſe cold Nights, but for Aſtronomers.

Have ye not *Reflecting Teleſcopes* * whereby ye may innocently magnify her Spots and Blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a Place where your own Eyes become Reflecting Teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their Neighbours. Stay You at leaſt (for what I've ſaid before relates only to the Ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any *Eyes* but theirs) Stay, I ſay, from that idle,

† *About this time the Rev. Dean* Berkly *conceiv'd his Project of erecting a Settlement in* Bermuda *for the Propagation of the Chriſtian Faith, and of Sciences in* America.

* *Theſe Inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.*

buſy-

buſy-looking *Sanhedrin*, where *Wiſdom* or *No Wiſdom* is the Eternal Debate, not (as it lately was in *Ireland*) an Accidental one.

If after all, you will deſpiſe good Advice, and reſolve to come to *London*; here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a Word as much an *Anti-Bermudaniſt* as any body. Dear Sir, make the Ladies know I am their Servant, You know I am

Yours, &c.

To the ſame.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a Month ſtrolling about in *Buckinghamſhire* and *Oxfordſhire*, from Garden to Garden, but ſtill returning to Lord *Cobham*'s with freſh Satisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady *Scudamore*'s, till it has had the full Advantage of Lord *Bathurſt*'s Improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the Waters of *Riskins*, and the Woods of *Oakley* together, which (without Flattery) would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our World: For as to the hanging Gardens

Gardens of *Babylon*, the Paradiſe of *Cyrus*, and the Sharawaggi's of *China*, I have little or no Ideas of 'em, but I dare ſay Lord *B*----*t* has, becauſe they were certainly both very *Great*, and very *Wild*. I hope Mrs. *Mary Digby* is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie*; and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining, on a Bank, fatigu'd with over much Dancing and Singing at his unwearied Requeſt and Inſtigation. I know your love of Eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too Quiet to enjoy Quiet, and too Philoſophical to be a Philoſopher; were it not for the Ferment Lord *B.* will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's Maxims is, that a total Abſtinence from Intemperance or Buſineſs, is no more *Philoſophy*, than a total Conſopition of the Senſes is *Repoſe*; one muſt *Feel* enough of its Contrary to have a Reliſh of either. But after all, let your Temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for ~~his Lordſhip~~ when you come to Town in the Winter. Folly will laugh you into all the Cuſtoms of the Company, here; nothing will be able to prevent your Converſion to her, but Indiſpoſition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to Vice, you are ſafe, but Folly is many an honeſt Man's, nay every good-

good-humour'd Man's Lot: Nay, it is the Seaſoning of Life; and Fools (in one Senſe) are the Salt of the Earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole Mouthful is juſtly call'd the *Devil*.

So much for your Diverſions next Winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on Earth an Image of Paradiſe, it is in ſuch perfect Union and Society as you all poſſeſs. I wou'd have my innocent Envies and Wiſhes of your State known to you all; which is far better than making you Compliments, for it is inward Approbation and Eſteem. My Lord *Digby* has in me a ~~ſincere~~ real Servant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

I am &c.

To the ſame.

Sept. 10 1724.

Dear Sir,

I AM glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am ſure they could not; you are not ſo much a Youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of Sixteen, and (what

(what makes him ſtill more a Child) a King of *French-men.* My own Time has been more melancholy, ſpent in an Attendance upon Death, which has ſeized one of our Family, my poor old Nurſe. My Mother is ſomething better, though at her advanc'd Age every Day is a Climacterick. There was join'd to this an Indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one, compar'd with my Mother's, (becauſe my Life is not of half the Conſequence to any Body, that hers is to me). All theſe Incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy Reply to your obliging Letter.

The Article you enquire of, is of as little Concern to me as you deſire it ſhou'd; namely the Railing Papers about the *Odyſſey.* If the Book has Merit, (and ſince you like it, it muſt) it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty Scandal, as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, meerly by *coming out.*

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt Mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one: To break its Peace, there muſt be ſome Guilt or Conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own Principles. Not but Malice and Injuſtice have their Day, like ſome poor ſhort-liv'd Vermine, that die of ſhooting their own Stings. *Falſhood is Folly* (ſays *Homer*), and Liers and Calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even

in

in this World: In the next, 'tis Charity to ſay, God have Mercy on them! They were the Devil's Vice-gerents upon Earth, who is the Father of Lies, and I fear has a Right to diſpoſe of his Children.

I've had an Occaſion to make theſe Reflections of late, more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my Writings, for it is one that concerns my Morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good Character of another very innocent Perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your Friendſhip no leſs than I do. **** No Creature has better natural Diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly, or reaſonably, in every Duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf: But you know 'tis the Misfortune of that Family to be govern'd like a Ship, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every Wind that blows in it.

To the ſame.

Decemb. 28. 1724.

Dear Sir,

IT is now the Seaſon to wiſh you a good End of one Year, and a happy Beginning of another: but both theſe you know how to make yourſelf, by only continuing ſuch

a Life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for Good Works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-faſhion'd, or too private, to conſtitute any Part of the Vanity or Reputation of the preſent Age. However, it were to be wiſh'd People would now and then look upon Good Works as they do upon old Wardrobes, meerly in caſe any of 'em ſhould by chance come into Faſhion again; as ancient Fardingales revive in modern Hoop'd Petticoats, (which may be properly compar'd to Charities, as they cover a multitude of Sins.)

They tell me that at —— certain anti-quated Charities, and obſolete Devotions are yet ſubſiſting: That a thing called Chriſtian Chearfulneſs, (not incompatible with *Chriſtmas* Pyes and Plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old Sermons and Almanacks, is really kept alive and in Practiſe: That feeding the Hungry, and giving Alms to the Poor, do yet make a Part of good Houſe-keeping, in a Latitude not more remote from *London* than fourſcore Miles: And laſtly, that Prayers and Roaſt-beef actually make ſome People as happy, as a Whore and a Bottle. But here in Town

I assure you, Men, Women, and Children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four Cardinal Virtues, now reign four ~~Princely~~ ones: We have Cunning for Prudence, Rapine for Justice, Time-serving for Fortitude, and Luxury for Temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a State of Ignorance, and see nothing but Quiet, Religion and Good Humour, the Case is just as I tell you where People understand the World, and know how to live with Credit and Glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the Eyes of Men, and make 'em sensible *which* of these is right: Whether upon a due Conviction, we are to quit Faction, and Gaming, and High-feeding and ~~Whoring~~, and take to your Country Way? or you to leave Prayers, and Almsgiving, and Reading and Exercise, and come into our Measures? I wish (I say) that this Matter were as clear to all Men, as it is to

Your ~~*Affectionate*~~, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

To the Honourable

EDW. BLOUNT, Esq;

From Mr. POPE.

LETTERS

To the Honourable

EDM. BOUNT, Esq;

From Mr. POPE.

LETTERS

TO

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

From 1715 to 1725.

To EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq*;

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Know of nothing that will be so Interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last Act of that eminent Comick Poet, and our Friend, *Wycherley*. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his Acquaintance, that he would Marry as soon as his life was despair'd of. Accordingly a few days before his Death he underwent the Ceremony; and join'd together those two Sacraments which wise Men say should be the last we receive; For if you observe, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme

Unction in our Catechiſm, as a kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, ſatisfy'd in the Conſcience of having, by this one Act paid his juſt Debts, obliged a Woman who (he was told had) Merit, and ſhewn an heroick reſentment of the ill uſage of his next Heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, diſcharged thoſe Debts; a Jointure of four hundred a year made her a Recompenſe; and the Nephew he left to comfort himſelf as well as he could, with the miſerable Remains of a mortgaged Eſtate. I ſaw our Friend twice after this was done, leſs peeviſh in his Sickneſs than he uſed to be in his Health; neither much afraid of Dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of Marrying. The Evening before he expired, he called his young Wife to the bed ſide, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her Aſſurances of conſenting to it, he told her, *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.* I cannot help remarking, that Sickneſs which often deſtroys both Wit and Wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to remove that Talent which we call *Humour:* Mr. *Wycherley* ſhew'd his, even in this laſt Compliment; tho' I think his requeſt a little hard; for why

why ſhould he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the ſame eaſy Terms?

So trivial as theſe Circumſtances are, I ſhould not be diſpleas'd my ſelf to know ſuch Trifles, when they concern or characteriſe any eminent Perſon. The wiſeſt and wittieſt of Men are ſeldom wiſer or wittier than others in theſe ſober Moments. At leaſt, our Friend ended much in the Character he had lived in: And *Horace*'s Rule for a Play, may as well be apply'd to him as a Playwright,

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

I am, &c.

To the ſame.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Am juſt return'd from the Country, whither Mr. *Rowe* accompanied me, and paſs'd a Week in the Foreſt. I need not tell you how much a Man of his Turn entertain'd me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a Vivacity and Gaiety of Diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which

generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by Moonſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my Thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe Satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the Company of ſeparate Spirits, when we ſhall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe Worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that Converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the Happineſs of Minds can ſurely be nothing but Knowledge.

The higheſt Gratification we receive here from Company is *Mirth*, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty.

Keeping good Company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful Art of loſing Time.

What we here call *Science* and *Study*, are little better: The greater number of Arts to which we apply ourſelves are mere Groping in the Dark; and even the ſearch of our moſt important Concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can,

what

what without all this ſollicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but *Curious Impertinents* in the caſe of Futurity. 'Tis not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the State of Souls ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy; We cannot be Knowing, but we can be Virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great part of that high Science, Divinity; you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty Streſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other uſe, than Horſes of the Bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toſs their Heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to Jogg on a little more merrily.

Your Obſervations on the narrow conceptions of Mankind in the point of Friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for Opinions like theſe, which I diſcover'd in your Mind, I had never made the Trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and I believe not leſs to your Satisfaction: For if I know you right, your Pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your

Your Remark, that the Variety of opinion in Politicks or Religion is often rather a Gratification, than Objection, to people who have Senſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of Nature in her Variations; makes me think you have not conſtrued *Joannes Secundus* wrong, in the Verſe which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the *Roman* Catholic Religion, tho' *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole World. I am pretty ſure You and I ſhould no more make good *Inquiſitors* to the modern Tyrants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for *Lictors* to *Procruſtes*, when he converted refractory Members with the Rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a Man who has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, &c.

To

To the same.

March 20, 1715-16.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Find that a real concern is not only a Hindrance to Speaking, but to Writing too: The more time we give our ſelves to think over one's own, or a Friends unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter, at ſuch a Seaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy Viſit to a Perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that Circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of Sorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced Gayeties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things ſacred; to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments or Heroic Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no need of being Spirited up into Honour, or like a weak Woman, Praiſed into an opinion of its own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and Men ſhould know, that the noble power of Suffering bravely is as far above that of Enterprizing greatly, as an unblemiſh'd Conſcience and inflexible Reſolution are above

bove an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a ſudden Tide of Blood. If the whole Religious Buſineſs of Mankind be included in Reſignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow Creatures; there are now ſome People who give us the Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an infamous Inſtance of the Violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppreſt, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: For the greateſt Power on Earth can no ſooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating Conſolations in a Calamity of ſo much Glory, one might ſay that to be ruin'd thus in the Groſs, with a whole People, is but like periſhing in the General Conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks in ~~our preſent Condition~~, the moſt heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each others Load, and (oppreſt as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſt. If there are too many who cannot be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our Money, there are yet others who may be relieved by our Counſel, by our Countenance, and even by our

Chear-

Chearfulneſs. The Misfortunes of private Families, the Miſunderſtandings of People whom Diſtreſſes make ſuſpicious, the Coldneſſes of Relations whom Change of Religion may diſ-unite, or the Neceſſities of half-ruin'd Eſtates render unkind to each other; theſe at leaſt may be ſoften'd in ſome degrees, by a general well-manag'd Humanity among ourſelves, if all thoſe who have your Principles of Belief, had alſo your Senſe and Conduct. But indeed moſt of 'em have given lamentable † proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want Senſe, are only religious thro' weakneſs, and good-natur'd thro' Shame: Theſe are narrow-minded Creatures that never deal in Eſſentials; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed, conſcientious *French* Refugee at this inſtant: what muſt my Concern then be, when I perceive ſo many Anxieties now tearing thoſe Hearts which I have deſired a place in, and Clouds of Melancholy riſing on thoſe Faces which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and what others are yet too ſtu-

† This was written in the Year of the Affair of *Preſton*.

pid

pid to apprehend. I grieve with the Old, for ſo many additional Inconveniencies, and Chagrins, more than their ſmall Remain of Life ſeem'd deſtin'd to undergo; and with the Young, for ſo many of thoſe Gayeties and Pleaſures (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the Widow and Fatherleſs, late of——————As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Senſe of others Misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own; ſo I earneſtly wiſh, that whatever part they muſt bear may be render'd as ſupportable to them as it is in the power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a a Letter of your Lady's (which I have ſeen) that your Eaſe and Tranquility is part of their Care. I believe there's ſome Fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from *Windſor* Foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hang'd do their Fellow-Priſoners, who are condemn'd to follow them

them a few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. *D*——— with tenderneſs; and from old Sir *William Trumball* as from a venerable Prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the Miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be remov'd himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learnt ſo far as

——*Nos dulcia linquimus arva,*

My next Leſſon may be

Nos Patriam fugimus——

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a Man of Honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſham'd of each other. I know I wiſh my Country well, and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

To the ſame.

June 22. 1716.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

IF a Regard both to Publick and Private Affairs may plead a lawful Excuſe in behalf of a negligent Correſpondent, I have really a very good Title to it: I cannot ſay whe-

whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappineſs, tha I am obliged at this time to give up my whole Application to *Homer*; when without that Employment, my Thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the Violence, Madneſs and Reſentment of modern War-makers, which are likely to prove (to ſome People at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame Qualities in *Achilles* did to his unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the change of my Scene of Life, from *Windſor* Foreſt to the Side of the *Thames*, be one of the grand *Æra's* of my days, and may be called a notable Period in ſo inconſiderable a Hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any Hero paſſing from one Stage of Life to another, with ſo much Tranquillity, ſo eaſy a Tranſition, and ſo laudable a Behaviour. I am become ſo truly a Citizen of the World (according to *Plato's* Expreſſion) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have loſt, and on what I have gained. The Times and Amuſements paſt are not more like a Dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at leaſt from Obſcurity, that the *Darkneſs* helps me to *ſleep* the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember much as ſeparate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals, neither

neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours: but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their Company.

To grow indifferent to the World is to grow Philoſophical, or Religious; (whichſoever of thoſe Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is ſuch a thing as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natur'd. So the moſt politic Way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, greater Lovers, and in ſhort greater Fools, than we really are: So ſhall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, favour'd by our Maſters, and happy with our Miſtreſſes. I have filled my Paper, and ſo adieu.

To the ſame.

Sept. 8. 1717.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Think your leaving *England* was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the bleſſed Conſcience of having acted well

well in it: And I hope you have received your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the Religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose Constancy in suffering Pain, and whose Resolution in pursuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this side the Water. I beg if your health be restor'd to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it: Your endeavours of Service and good Advices to the poor Papists, put me in mind of *Noah*'s preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an *Ararat*, and the Wife and Family, (the hopes of the good Patriarch) land safely after the Deluge upon the Shore of *Totness*.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old Tale of *Brutus* the wandering Trojan, who found on that very Coast the happy End of his Peregrinations and Adventures.

I have very lately read *Jeffery* of *Monmouth* (to whom your *Cornwall* is not a little beholden) in the Translation of a Clergyman in

He wanted my help to resist the prayer of Bantus, made
when he was much in our circumstances, enquiring
in what land to set up his seat, and worship like his
fathers?

Goddess of Woods, tremendous in the chace,
To mountain wolves, and all the savage race
Wide o'er th' aërial Vault extends his sway,
And o'er th' infernal Regions void of day,
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new Nation shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd Altars raise
And Troops of Virgins celebrate thy Praise?

2

in my neighbourhood. The poor Man is highly concerned to vindicate *Jeffery*'s veracity as an Historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the *Roman* communion could doubt of the Legends of his Giants, while we believ'd those of our Saints? I am forced to make a fair Composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of *Corinæus* and *Gogmagog*, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. *Christopher*'s carrying Christ, and the Resuscitation of St. *Nicholas Tolentine*'s Chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of Infidelity.

Ajax and *Hector* are no more, compared to *Corinæus* and *Arthur*, than the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines* were to the *Mohocks* of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing Writer has made me lay aside *Homer* for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate with belief and reverence the Speech of *Achilles*'s Horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a Sheet full of Compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in *Jeffery* is false) than that I have a constant Affection for you, and am, *&c.*

T P.S.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoycing for the Victory of Prince *Eugene* over the *Turks*, in the Zeal you bear to the Christian Interest, tho' your Cousin of *Oxford* (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the *Turks*, or the *Turks* beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare War against *Spain*, or *Spain* declare it against the Emperor. ~~I must add~~ another Apothegm of the same noble Earl; it was the saying of a Politick Prince, "Time "and he would get the better of any two "others". To which Lord *Oxford* made this Answer,

Time and I 'gainst any two?

~~*Chance and I 'gainst Time and you.*~~

To the same.

Nov. 27. 1717.

~~*Dear Sir,*~~

THE Question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit Man in the world to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers.

He

He had liv'd in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as suffic'd to make the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of a Religion that extends beyond the Grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish Management of a narrow Fortune, ~~where every~~ false Step ~~is dangerous~~. My Mother is in that dispirited State of Resignation, which is the effect of long Life, and the Loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a Friend, of such an humane Turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us I feel your Absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my Regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere Letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have receiv'd. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any Person, when one's Mind is taken up with a sensible Sorrow, is a great degree of Friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my Father. Adieu.

To the ſame.

Rentcomb in *Glouceſterſhire, Oct.* 3. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this Country ever ſince your departure. I am pleas'd to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. *Blount*, where I write as if I were dictated by her Anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir *Chriſtopher Guiſe*, who being in his Shirt, ſeems as ready to combate me, as her own Sir *John* was to demoliſh Duke *Lancaſtere*. I dare ſay your Lady will recollect his Figure. I look'd upon the Manſion, Walls, and Terraces; the Plantations, and Slopes, which Nature has made to command a variety of Vallies and riſing Woods; with a Veneration mixt with a Pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile Amuſements, which engaged her ſo many Years ago in this place: I fancy'd I ſaw her ſober over a Sampler, or gay over a joynted Baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe

those early times; *remember'd her Creator in the Days of her Youth.*

You describe so well your Heremitical state of life, that none of the ancient Anchorites could go beyond you, for a Cave in a Rock, with a fine Spring, or any of the Accommodations that befit a Solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy Personages took with them a Lady, and begat Sons and Daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a Patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir *Amadis*, and his fellows. If Piety be so Romantick, I shall turn Hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go so far as to be Poetical, and hope to save one's Soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a Prophet; for I wish I were as *Habakkuk*, to be taken by the Hair of the Head, and visit *Daniel* in his Den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole Family upon my hands, to whom to discharge the part of a Friend: I assure you I like 'em all so well, that I will never quit my Hereditary Right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my Green at *Twickenham*, and gratefully remember (not

only their green Gowns) but the Inſtructions they gave me how to ſlide down, and trip up the ſteepeſt Slopes of my Mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Yours.

To the ſame.

~~*Twickenham*~~, *Oct.* 21. 1721.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of Life, at your Reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledg'd. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an Illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply ~~affected~~, in the thought of your danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a private Letter of *Montaigne*, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate Friend of his: 'Adieu my Friend! the pain 'I feel will ſoon be over, but I grieve for 'that

'that you are to feel, which is to last you 'for life.

I joyn with your Family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy Man somewhat longer. The Comforts you receive from their Attendance put me in mind of what old *Fletcher* of *Saltoune* said one day to me. 'Alas, I have nothing to do but to 'dye; I am a poor Individual; no Crea-'ture to wish, or to fear, for my life or 'death: 'Tis the only reason I have to re-'pent being a single Man; now I grow old, 'I am like a Tree without a Prop, and 'without young Trees ~~of my own shedding~~, 'to grow round me, for Company and De-'fence.

I hope the Gout will soon go after the Fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an Interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the Gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty Acres, cast 'em to dirty People, such as in the Scripture Phrase *possess the Land.* Shake off your Earth like the noble Animal in *Milton,*

The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts, he springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Main: the Ounce,
The Lizard, and the Tiger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw
In Hillocks!

But I believe *Milton* never thought, these fine Verses of his should be apply'd to a Man selling a parcel of dirty Acres; tho' in the main I think it may have some resemblance; for God knows this little space of Ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of *Eden* did those Creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our Affections and Desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. *Blount* know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's*, &c. My poor Mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring Taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole Air of this Letter) not in the gayest nor easiest Humour, but always with Sincerity,

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

Yours.

To the same.

~~*Dear Sir*~~, *June* 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the Justice to think no Man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere

cere well-wisher of your whole Family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of Envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good will.

They from all Shades the Darkness can exclude,
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

Torbay is a Paradise, and a Storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink Tea upon a Promontory that overhangs the Sea, it is preferable to an Assembly; and the whistling of the Wind better Musick to contented and loving Minds, than the Opera to the Spleenful, Ambitious, Diseas'd, Distasted, and Distracted Souls, which this World affords; nay, this World affords no other. Happy they! who are banish'd from us: but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly, banish the World from them!

Alas! I live at *Twickenham!*

I take that Period to be very Sublime, and to include more than a hundred Sentences that might be writ to express Distraction, Hurry, Multiplication of Nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual Business of having no Business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the *Odyssey* as nothing? But whenever I think seriously

ſeriouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many Occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle, as if a Beaſt of Burden ſhou'd go on jingling his Bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his Maſter.

Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood by the grim God of Hell!

Said a Heathen Poet; as he is tranſlated by a Chriſtian Biſhop, who has, firſt by his Exhortations, and ſince by his Example, taught me to *think* as becomes a Reaſonable Creature.——But he is gone! He carry'd away more Learning than is left in this Nation behind him: but he left us more in the noble Example of bearing Calamity well. 'Tis true, we want Literature very much; but pray God we don't want Patience more! if thoſe Precedents are to prevail.

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt Day I've been myſelf, and paſs over the Mad Interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a Correſpondent I ſhall hence-forward be able, or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful Friend, and all the good Wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

To

To the same.

June 2, 1725.

Dear Sir,

YOU shew your self a just Man and a Friend in those Guesses and Suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my Silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous Conversations of the Town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a Corner of the World (undisturb'd, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no Access of any Distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny Weather. Let the young Ladies be assured I make nothing new in my Gardens without wishing to see the print of their Fairy Steps in every part of 'em. I have put the last Hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way and Grotto; I there found a Spring of the clearest Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the Cavern day and night. From the River *Thames*, you see thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderness to a kind of open Temple,

Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the Ruſtic Manner; and from that diſtance under the Temple you look down thro' a ſloping Arcade of Trees, and ſee the Sails on the River paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a Perſpective Glaſs. When you ſhut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the Walls of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their viſible Radiations: And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene: it is finiſhed with Shells interſperſed with Pieces of Looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the Cieling is a Star of the ſame Material, at which when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaſter) is hung in the Middle, a thouſand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Paſſage two Porches, ~~with Niches and Seats~~; one toward the River, of ſmooth ſtones, full of light and open; the other toward the ~~Arch~~ of Trees, rough with Shells, Flints and Iron Ore. The Bottom is paved with ſimple Pebble, as the adjoining Walk up the Wilderneſs to the Temple, ~~is to be Cockle-ſhells~~, in the natural Taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the Aquatic Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing

to

to compleat it but a good Statue with an Inscription, like that beautiful antique one, which you know I am so fond of,

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere, seu bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs I keep,
And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep;
~~Whoe'er thou art, ah~~ gently tread the Cave,
Ah ~~bathe~~ in silence, or in silence lave.

You'll think I have been very Poetical in this Description, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wish you were here to bear Testimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itself, or the Image I give of it.

I am, &c.

To the same.

September 13, 1725.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I should be asham'd to own the receipt of a very kind Letter from you, two whole Months from the date of this; if I were not more

more aſham'd to tell a Lye, or to make an Excuſe, which is worſe than a Lye (for being built upon ſome probable Circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degeee of Truth to falſify with: It is a Lye *Guarded.*) Your Letter has been in my Pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the Pocket, and the Suit, are worn out; by which means, I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing, that I have not enough conſider'd, and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true Friendſhip, as they ſay of good Writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a Fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I am now well. So it ſhall take up no more of this Paper.

I begin now to expect you in Town, to make the Winter to come more tolerable to us both. The Summer is a kind of Heaven, when we wander in a Paradiſaical Scene of Nature among Groves and Gardens; but at this Seaſon, we are like our poor firſt Parents turn'd out of that agreeable tho' ſolitary life, and forc'd to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer Houſes, and hive together in Cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd, and riſen from your Gout, happy in the delights of a contented Family, ſmiling at Storms,

Storms, laughing at Greatneſs, and merry over a Chriſtmas-fire, exerciſing all the Functions of an old Patriarch in Charity and Hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. *B.* what I think ſhe is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done: and ſhe will allow herſelf to be far enough advanc'd above a fine Lady, not to deſire to ſhine before Men.

Your Daughters perhaps may have ſome other thoughts, which even their Mother muſt excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a Mother. I will not however ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their Devotions, but rather excite 'em, and aſſiſt the warmth of them; while their Prayer may be, that they may raiſe up and breed as irreproachable a young Family as their Parents have done. In a Word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man: Next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab Angelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire They only ſhould be my companions and Correſpondents; I muſt very ſoon, and very much think of you. I want your Company, and your Example. Pray make haſte to Town, ſo as not again to leave us: Diſcharge the Load of Earth that lies on you, like

like one of the Mountains under which the Poets say the Giants (~~that is~~, the *Men of the Earth*) are whelmed. Leave Earth to the Sons of Earth; your Conversation is in Heaven. Which that it may be accomplish'd in us all, is the Prayer of him who maketh this short Sermon, Value (to you) Three Pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726.

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1730.

LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE to Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1730.

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1730.

Nov. 13. 1712.

SIR,

YOU writ me a very kind Letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into *Devonſhire*. That hindered my anſwering you, and I have ſince ſeveral times inquir'd of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſt two months in *Suſſex*, and ſince my Return have been again very ill. I writ to *Lintot* in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to that point. Our Friend

Mr. *Cromwell* too has been ſilent all this year; I believe he has been diſpleas'd at ſome or other of my Freedoms; which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of, perhaps he may have open'd to you: And, if I know you right, you are of a Temper to cement Friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. *Cromwell*, and have a true affection for your ſelf, which if I had any Intereſt in the world, or Power with thoſe who have, I ſhou'd not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of Modeſty, or a vicious Diſtruſt of another's value for you, (thoſe two Eternal Foes to Merit) imagine that your Letters and Converſation are not always welcome to me. There's no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in Mr. Gay to be any thing leſs than his

moſt affectionate Friend
and real Servant,

Binfield,
No. 13,
1712.

A. POPE.

Dec.

Dec. 24, 1712.

Dear Sir,

IT has been my good fortune within this Month paſt, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But nothing upon my word has been ſo Home-felt a ſatisfaction as the News you tell me of your ſelf: and you are not in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good Succeſs, for I have more People to be happy out of, than any ill-natur'd man can boaſt. I may with honeſty affirm to you, that notwithſtanding the many Inconveniencies and Diſadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res angusti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of Merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing 'em ſome real ſervice. For after all, if we could but Think a little, Self-love might make us Philoſophers, and convince us, *Quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourſelves are eaſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the Circumſtantials, and the Apparatus or Equipage of humane life that coſts ſo much the furniſhing. Only what a luxurious Man wants for horſes and foot-men

a good-natur'd Man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I ſhall ſee you this Winter with much greater pleaſure than I could the laſt; and I hope as much of your Time as your Attendance on the Dutcheſs will allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be thought loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any man. I muſt alſo put you in mind, tho' you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe Secretary to Nine other Ladies, and are to write ſometimes for them too. He who is forc'd to live wholly upon theſe Ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any. He who does what *Chaucer* ſays — for *Suſtenance*; but they are very agreeable Companions, like other Ladies, when a Man only paſſes a Night or ſo with them at his leiſure, and away. I am,

Your, &c.

Aug. 23, 1713.

Dear Sir,

JUST as I receiv'd yours, I was ſet down to write to you with ſome ſhame that I had ſo long defer'd it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives

gives me the knowledge how little you infist upon Ceremony, and how much a greater ſhare in your memory I have than I deſerve. I have been near a week in *London*, where I am like to remain, till I become by Mr. J——'s help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to diſcover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Noſe or Ear, the ſmalleſt degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to diſtract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plauſible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear and pretty Elbow (as the *Plain-dealer* has it) but am in ſome danger even from the Ugly and Diſagreeable, ſince they may have their retired beauties, in one Trait or other about 'em. You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown away three Dr. *Swift*'s, each of which was once my Vanity, two Lady *Bridgwaters*, a Dutcheſs of *Montague*, beſides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucify'd *Chriſt* over-again in effigie, and made a *Madona* as old as her mother St. *Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rival'd St. *Luke* himſelf in Painting, and as 'tis ſaid

an

an Angel came and finiſh'd his Piece, ſo you would ſwear a Devil put the laſt hand to mine, 'tis ſo begrim'd and ſmutted. However I comfort my ſelf with a chriſtian Reflection, that, I have not broken the Commandment, for my Pictures are not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the waters under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worſhip them, except the *Indians* ſhould have a ſight of 'em, who they tell us, worſhip certain Pagods or Idols purely for their Uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreſhed with the News of the Advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the Eye and Senſe of the Fair, as long as that agreeable Machine ſhall play in the Hands of Poſterity. I am glad your *Fan* is mounted ſo ſoon, but I wou'd have you varniſh and glaze it at your leiſure, and poliſh the Sticks as much as you can. You may then cauſe it to be born in the Lands of both Sexes, no leſs in *Britain*, than it is in *China*; where it is ordinary for a *Mandarine* to fan himſelf cool after a Debate, and a Stateſman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave Lye.

I am, &c.

May 4, *Binfield* 1714.

Dear Gay,

SINCE by your letter we find you can be content to breath in ſmoak, to walk in crouds, and divert your ſelf with noiſe, nay and to make fine Pictures of this way of life, we ſhou'd give you up as one abandoned to a wrong choice of pleaſures. We have however ſo much compaſſion on you as to think of inviting you to us, where your taſte for books, friendſhip, and eaſe, may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your deſcription of the Court; for indeed humanity is frail, and we cannot but remember ſome particular honours which we have enjoy'd in converſation; bate us this one point and we ſtand you, ſtill untir'd with one another, and freſh to the pleaſures of the country. If you wou'd have any news from us, know that we are well at preſent: This I am ſure wou'd have been allow'd by you as news from either of us a fortnight ago. In return to this, ſend us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my commiſſions. Give my reſpects to the Dean,

A R Dr.

Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Ford*, and the Provoſt. Dear *Gay*, adieu.

Your affectionate Friend

and humble Servant,

THO. PARNELL.

Dear Mr. Gay,

ABOVE all other News, ſend us the beſt, that of your good Health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. *Harcourt* made us very much fear. If you have any deſign either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better Expedient than to come hither, where you ſhould not want room, tho' I lay myſelf in a Trucklebed under the Doctor. You might here converſe with the old *Greeks*, be initiated into all their Cuſtoms, and learn their Prayers by heart as we have done: The Dr. laſt *Sunday*, intending to ſay an *Our Father*, was got half way in *Chryſes* Prayer to *Apollo*. The ill effects of Contention and Squabling ſo lively deſcrib'd in the firſt Iliad, make Dr. *Parnelle* and myſelf continue in the moſt exemplary Union in every thing. We deſerve to be worſhip'd by all the poor, divided, factious, intereſted Poets of this world.

As

As we riſe in our ſpeculations daily, we are grown ſo grave, that we have not condeſcended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a ſeverity of aſpect from deep meditation on high ſubjects, equal to the formidable Front of black-brow'd *Jupiter*, and become an awful Nod as well, when I aſſent to ſome grave and weighty Propoſition of the Doctor, or enforce a Criticiſm of my own. In a word, *Y——g* himſelf has not acquired more Tragic Majeſty in his aſpect by reading his own Verſes than I by *Homer*'s.

In this ſtate, I cannot conſent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling Burleſque you write about. Dr. *Parnelle* alſo joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmoſt fidelity and eſteem) my hearty ſervice to the Dean, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Ford*, and to Mr. *Forteſcue*. Let them alſo know at *Button*'s that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliaſt!

Thy loving Countryman.

Oct. 23

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with ſickneſs of late, which has made me ſo melancholy that the Immortality of the Soul has been my conſtant Speculation, as the Mortality of my Body my conſtant Plague. In good earneſt, *Seneca* is nothing to a fit of illneſs.

Dr. *Parnelle* will honour *Tonſon*'s Miſcellany with ſome very beautiful Copies, at my requeſt. He enters heartily into our deſign. I only fear his ſtay in town may chance to be but ſhort. Dr. *Swift* much approves what I propoſed even to the very title, which I deſign ſhall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, publiſhed monthly, in which whatever Book appears that deſerves praiſe, ſhall be depreciated Ironically, and in the ſame manner that modern Critics take to undervalue Works of Value, and to commend the high Productions of *Grubſtreet*.

I ſhall go into the country about a month hence, and ſhall then deſire to take along with me your Poem of the *Fan*, to conſider it at full leiſure. I am deeply ingaged in Poetry, the particulars whereof ſhall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. *Fortescue* when he comes to Town before his journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Sept. 23, 1714.

Dear Mr. Gay,

WElcome to your native Soil! welcome to your Friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in glory, blest with Court-interest, the love and familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant *Whig* or a despondent *Tory*, equally All Hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to ~~share~~ partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at *Binfield* in the worst of times at your service. If you are a *Tory*, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude

to

to a few people who endeavour'd to ſerve you, and whoſe Politicks were never your Concern. If you are a *Whig*, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine (as Brother Poets) had ever a Byaſs to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honeſt man and an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being ſo much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate you are, all hail!

One or two of your old Friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you ſince the *Queen*'s death; I told 'em, no man living loved Mr. *Gay* better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him ſo every month. But they had reaſons too themſelves to alledge in your excuſe, as men who really value one another will never want ſuch as make their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late univerſal Concern in publick affairs, threw us all into a hurry of Spirits; even I who am more a Philoſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Succeſſor: During your Journeys I knew not whither to aim

a letter

a letter after you, that was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the demand *Homer* had upon me, to write fifty Verſes a day, beſides learned Notes, all which are at a concluſion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feaſting, for I to thee and thou to me. We will feed among the Lillies. By the Lillies I mean the Ladies, with whom I hope you have fed to ſatiety: Haſt thou paſſed through many Countries, and not taſted the delights thereof? Haſt thou not left of thy Iſſue in divers Lands, that *German Gays* and *Dutch Gays* may ariſe, to write Paſtorals and ſing their Songs in ſtrange Countries? Are not the *Blouzelinda*'s of the *Hague* as charming as the *Roſalinda*'s of *Britain?* or have the two great Paſtoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the ſame time? for *Philips*, immortal *Philips*, *Hanover Philips*, hath deſerted, yea and in a ruſtick manner kicked his *Roſalind*. —— Dr. *Parnelle* and I have been inſeperable ever ſince you went. We are now at the *Bath*, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of Expences: *Homer* ſhall ſupport his Children. I beg a line from you directed to the Poſt-

houſe

house in *Bath*. Poor *Parnelle* is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the Poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the Court, this can do no harm — I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

London, Nov. 8, 1718.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. *Fortescue*, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of Curiosities, that Letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the Truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the Ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the Season in Grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall

I ſhall not enter into a detail of my Concerns and Troubles, for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflicted and need no Airs of grief, and becauſe they are not the concerns and troubles of any but my ſelf. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two minutes; in a word, as ſilently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, ſicque mori!

I am not in the humour to ſay gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. *Pulteney* or you, as you have done both my Lord *Burlington* and me, by your letter to Mr. *Lowndes*. I am only ſorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. *Lowndes*, and wiſh you paid ſome hundreds a year to the Land-tax. That Gentleman is lately become an inoffenſive perſon to me too; ſo that we may join heartily in our addreſſes to him, and (like true Patriots) rejoice in all that Good done to the Nation and Government, to which we contribute nothing our ſelves.

I ſhould not forget to acknowledge your letter ſent from *Aix*; you told me then that writing was not good with the Waters,

and I find ſince you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the Waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is ſo bad with the Waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our Brother-poets of theſe days.

I have no ſtory to tell that is worth your hearing; you know I am no man of Intrigue; but the Ducheſs of *Hamilton* has one which ſhe ſays is worth my hearing, that relates to Mr. *Pulteney* and your ſelf; and which ſhe promiſes, if you won't tell me, ſhe will. Her Grace has won in a Raffle a very fine Tweezercaſe; at the ſight of which, my Tweezercaſe, and all other Tweezercaſes on the globe, *Hide their diminiſh'd Heads.*

That Ducheſs, Lord *Warwick*, Lord *Stanhope*, Mrs. *Bellenden*, Mrs. *Lepell*, and I can't tell who elſe, had your letters: Dr. *Arbuthnot* and I expect to be treated like Friends. I would ſend my ſervices to Mr. *Pulteney*, but that he is out of favour at Court; and make ſome compliment to Mrs. *Pulteney*, if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord *Burlington* tells me ſhe has as much outſhin'd all the *French* Ladies, as ſhe did the *Engliſh* before: I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women ſhould eclypſe thoſe Nuns

Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young Prince, becauſe he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations and no Diſappointments.

Dear Sir,

I Think it obliging in you to deſire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worſe ſtate in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy ſo ineffectual, that I give myſelf entirely over. I wiſh your health may be ſet perfectly right by the Waters, and be aſſur'd I not only wiſh that, and every thing elſe for you, as common friends wiſh, but with a Zeal not uſual among thoſe we call ſo. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to ſee you, whatever accidents or amuſements have interven'd to make me do either leſs than uſual. I not only frequently think of you, but conſtantly do my beſt to make others do it, by mentioning

you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think Justice in regard to those who are my friends; and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserv'd so little of, as to be my Enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any case. Let Time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the World is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. *Arbuthnot* in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am; therefore I will think him mine. I am His, Mr. *Congreve*'s, and

Your, &c.

London, Sept. 11, 1722.

Dear Gay,

I Thank you for remembring me. I would do my best to forget my self, but that I find

I find your Idea is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forget both together, or neither. I'm ſorry, I could not have a glympſe either of you, or of the Sun (your Father) before you went for *Bath*. But now it pleaſes me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. *Congreve* in mind that he has one on this ſide of the World who loves him; and that there are more Men and Women in the Univerſe, than Mr. *Gay* and my Lady Dutcheſs of *M.* There are Ladies in and about *Richmond* that pretend to value him and yourſelf; and one of 'em at leaſt may be thought to do it without Affectation, namely Mrs. *Howard*. As for Mrs. *Blounts* (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to *Suſſex*. I hope Mrs. *Pulteney* is the better for the Bath, tho' I have little Charity and few good Wiſhes for the Ladies, the Deſtroyers of their beſt friends the Men. Pray tell her ſhe has forgot the firſt Commiſſion I ever troubled her with, and therefore it ſhall be the laſt (the very thing I fear ſhe deſires.) Dr. *Arbuthnot* is a ſtrange creature; he goes out of town, and leaves his Baſtards at other folks doors. I have long been ſo far miſtaken in him as to think him a Man of Morals as well as of Politicks. Pray let him know I made a very unfaſhionable enquiry t'other day of the welfare

of

of his Wife and family: Things that (I presume) are below the consideration of a Wit and an *Ombre*-player. They are in perfect health. Tho' Mrs. *A*——'s Navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own Belly is in absolute ease and contentment. Now I speak of those Regions about the *Abdomen*, pray, dear *Gay* consult with him and Dr. *Chene*, to what exact pitch yours may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your Betters. Pray tell Dr. *Arbuthnot* that even Pigeon-pyes and Hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our Governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of *Rochester*, are open'd and profanely pry'd into at the *Tower*: 'Tis the first time dead Pigeons have been suspected of carrying Intelligence. To be serious, you, and Mr. *Congreve* and the Doctor if he has not direcly will be sensible of my concern and surprize at the commitment of that Gentleman, whose welfare is as much my concern as any Friend's I have. I think my self a most unfortunate wretch; I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man; but he either dies like Mr. *Craggs* or is sent to Imprisonment like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as Innocent as I believe him, and make all his Enemies know him as well as I do, that they

they may ~~love him and~~ think of him as well!

If you apprehend this Period to be of any danger in being addreſs'd to you; tell Mr. *Congreve* or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

July 13, 1723.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I WAS very much pleas'd, not to ſay oblig'd, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warm'd my heart to have anſwer'd it ſooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by hearkening to Women; who told me that both Lady *Burlington* and yourſelf were immediately to return from *Tunbridge*, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and I aſſure you, none of 'em touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. ~~I think~~ your Sentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain: I wiſh thoſe we call Great Men had the ſame Notions, but they are really the moſt Little Creatures in the world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one Point; which is, that they want judgment

ment to know their greateſt Intereſt, to encourage and chuſe Honeſt men for their Friends.

I have not once ſeen the Perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apoſtle admoniſheth, *one Fleſh with his Wife.*

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord *Burlington*, whom I have long known to have ~~more~~ Mind to be a Good and honourable man, than almoſt any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord *Bolingbroke*, (tho' I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity) he returns for *Flanders* and *France*, next month.

Mrs. *Howard* has writ you ſomething or other in a letter which ſhe ſays ſhe repents. She has as much Good nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any Ill nature, and had been bred among Lambs and Turtle-doves, inſtead of Princes and Court-Ladies.

By the end of this week, *Forteſcue* will paſs a few days with me. We ſhall remember you in our Potations, and wiſh you a Fiſher with us, on my Graſs-plat. In the mean time we wiſh you Succeſs as a Fiſher of Women, at the Wells, a Rejoycer of the Comfortleſs and Widow, ~~an Impregnator of the Barren~~, and a Playfellow of the Maiden. I am

Your, &c.

Dear Sir,

I Faithfully aſſure you, in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly Expectation ~~almoſt~~ of my Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that render'd it more inſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent Eſcape from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whoſe Life ~~at her age can~~ at beſt be but a ſhort Reprieve, or a longer Dying! But I fear, even that is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for, theſe two days paſt, her moſt dangerous Symptoms are returned upon her; and unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encreaſe) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my heart, I am exceſſively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear *Gay*, any part of the debt I very gratefully remember I owe you, on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great Illneſs. May your

health augment as fast as I fear ~~it pleases God~~ hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast —— may the Life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquility, rather of your own giving to your self, than from any Expectations or Trust in others. —— May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness —— God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear *Gay*, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. *Howard*, and Mrs. *Blount*, give me daily accounts of you.

~~*Sunday Night.*~~

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I Truly rejoyc'd to see your hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week

a week paſt I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to ſee you. But my poor Mother advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, and ſeems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold Day to throw her into a Diarrhœa that muſt, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, leſt that ſhould prove to be her Laſt. God ſend you a ſpeedy recovery, and ſuch a total one as at your time of Life may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind, or good; That was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my Nature of Kindneſs, I really have for you, and whatever Good I could do, I wou'd among the very firſt be glad to do to you. In your circumſtance the old *Roman* farewell is proper. *Vive! memor noſtri.*

Your, &c.

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. *Digby* between whom and me two letters have paſs'd concerning you.

Dear Gay,

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it

was not, and is not leſſen'd, by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day lain under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſur'd, no Duty leſs than that, ſhould have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at *Hampſtead*, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought, in health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime as the Southern Part of *France* may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear *Gay*, be as chearful as your Sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court: Even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip

in

in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: The Doctor tells me all.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I AM glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the Conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former Illneſs, that it doubles my Concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I wou'd have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Bethel* have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. *Blount* ~~once~~) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſs'd ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. *Congreve*'s death touches me nearly. It ~~is~~ twenty years that I have known him. Every year carries away ſomething

thing dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched Individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my Birth-day, and this is my Reflection upon it.

With added Days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure thro';
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis alas too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.

I am Yours, &c.

~~Twick'nam, July 21.~~

~~Dear Gay,~~

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. However, you ought to allow me the Indulgence I allow all my Friends, (and if I did not, They would take it) in conſideration that they have other avocations; which may prevent the *Proofs* of their remembring me, tho' they preſerve for me all the friendſhip, and good will, which I deſerve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my paſt life of

of twenty years may be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one month: And if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter ſplenatick, conſider I have juſt receiv'd the News of the death of a Friend, whom I eſteem'd almoſt as many years as you; poor *Fenton:* He died at *Eaſtbamſtead*, of Indolency and Inactivity; let it not be your fate, but uſe Exerciſe. I hope the Ducheſs will take care of you in this reſpect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to ſerve inſtead of Exerciſe abroad. Mrs. *Howard* is ſo concern'd about you, and ſo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. *Blount* for not doing the ſame, that I am piqu'd with Jealouſy and Envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great Place at Court; which you will confeſs a proper Cauſe of Envy and Hatred, in any Poet-militant, or unpenſion'd. But to ſet matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am as I ever was, and juſt as I ever ſhall be,

Yours, &c.

Twicken-

Twickenham, Oct. 16, 1727.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; *Bleſſed is he who expects nothing, for he ſhall never be diſappointed.* I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy Diſmiſſion from all Court-Dependance; I dare ſay I ſhall find you the Better and the Honeſter Man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious habits, of which few or no men eſcape the Infection, who are hackney'd and trammelled in the ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will ſmile on you the leſs; but men of Worth, and real Friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) *Liberty*, which is worth all they have; and which, as yet, I hope *Engliſhmen* need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy That, and your own Integrity, and the ſatisfactory

tisfactory Conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch Graces from them, as they beſtow only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving. The only ſteps to their favour are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Paſſions. He is their *Greateſt* favourite, who is their *Falſeſt:* and when a man, by ſuch vile Gradations, arrives at the height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be *hated*, and in a condition to be *hanged*, for ſerving their Ends: So many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord *Grantham.* I preſume you writ it not, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any *Decency* you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account: I think it a bad Omen: but what have I to do with Court-Omens? —— Dear *Gay*, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight

pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Yours &c.

Aug. 18.

Dear Gay,

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm, 'tis a ſign that the old fellows *loved Somebody*, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And I now honour Sir *Robert Walpole*, for his extenſive Bounty and Goodneſs to his private Friends and Relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a Dinner, at this diſtance, nor help the General whom I greatly love to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating (an excellent remedy for Love.) How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive) that I am forc'd to drink wine, while you riot

riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of *Queensberry*? that I am condemn'd to live on a High-way ſide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all Gueſts, where my Portico (as *Virgil* has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the *Idalian* Groves, ſprinkled with Roſe-water, and live in Burrage Balm and Burnet up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of *Queensberry*? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at Court with the Ladies in waiting at *Windſor*, while you are happily baniſh'd with the Ducheſs of *Queensberry*? So partial is Fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerv'd ten times more to be baniſh'd than you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their Services: But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a Courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another who is no Courtier frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well —— I fancy, after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. *Portſeat* and told him the pains you took to ſee him. Dr. *A.* for all

that I know may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from *Iriſh* Evidence, but only two Letters theſe four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: He is in the North of *Ireland*, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. *Cleland* always ſpeaks of you: he is at *Tunbridge*, wondring at the ſuperior Carni-voracity of the Dr. He plays now with the old Ducheſs of *M*———, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other News know I not, but that Counſellor *Bickford* has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrangeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a ~~viſit at *Amesbury*.~~ I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. *Dormer*'s, General *Dormer*'s, and

Your, &c.

Sept. 11, 1730.

~~*Dear Sir,*~~

I MAY with great Truth return your Speech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man; who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than

uneaſy

uneaſy with thoſe which are not ſuch as you, whoſe Abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with Spirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace, ſince their Baniſhment from an earthly Court to an heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for I conclude none but true Friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of *Twitnam* ſeems, to be rank'd with ſuch rectify'd and ſublimated Beings as you) as a ſeparated Spirit too from Courts and Courtly Fopperies. But I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene Matter, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy admiſſion to your Depths of Retirement and Contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the Capital. I am within Ear-ſhot of Reports, within the Vortex of Lyes and Cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the Lampooners of Beauty, the Calumniators of Virtue, the Jokers at Reaſon and Religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty Orb are to the inhabitants

tants of the Planet *Jupiter*: Except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous Votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. *Howard*, who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the *Colluvies* and Sink of Human Greatness at *W—r*: One Mrs. *B.* that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory State at *Petersham*: One Lord *B.* who admir'd the Duchess before she grew quite a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our Wants, our Complaints, and our Miseries here; I must seriously say, the Loss of any one Good woman is too great to be born easily: and poor Mrs. *Rollinson*, tho' a private woman, was such. Her Husband is gone into *Oxfordshire* very melancholy, and thence to the *Bath*, to *live on*, for such is our Fate, and Duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

Oct. 1, 1730.

~~*Dear Sir*~~,

I AM ſomething like the Sun at this Seaſon, withdrawing from the World, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the Clouds of a long Winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better Guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My Friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the *Iriſhman*) that the *Moon* is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't ſay this with ~~any~~ alluſion to my Poetical capacity as a Son of *Apollo*, but in my Companionable one, (if you'll ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl of *Clarendon*'s) For I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few of you, this Winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as *Dryden* ~~fairly~~ ſays, *Feel my notes decay* as a Poet, but feel my Spirits flag as a Companion, and ſhall return again to where I firſt began, my Books. I have been putting my Library in order, and enlarging the Chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my Mind and Body (if I can) to ſome Life. A Friend, (a

(a Woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a day theſe fifteen years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome Reaſon for this admonition, and concluded ſhe wou'd compleat all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the Employment I am fitteſt for; Converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a Beatify'd Spirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at *Windſor* with Ladies, *&c.* it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little Court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-Weather-Friends of the Summer are going away for *London*, and I ſhall ſee Them and the Butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes. But we that are Writers, ought to love Poſterity, that Poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the Children of the preſent Race, meerly in hope they may be a little wiſer than their Parents.

I am, *&c.*

To J. GAY, *Esq.*

Dec. 16, 1731.

I Am astonished at the Complaints occasion'd by a late *Epistle* to the *Earl* of *Burlington*; and I should be afflicted were there the least just Ground for 'em. Had the Writer attack'd *Vice*, at a Time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a *Defect*, that it is proclaimed with Ostentation as a *Merit*; I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds Fortune, acquired by such Methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: Had he overwarmly defended the *Religion of his Country*, against such Books as come from every Press, are publickly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent *Weekly Writers* by the same Names which they openly bestow on the greatest Men *in* the Ministry, and *out* of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded:

In any of these Cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his Rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks *no one Vice* whatsoever; which deals only in *Folly*, and not Folly in general, but a single Species of it; that only Branch, for the opposite Excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape Censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused, than Apologized for.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears.

Is this such a *Crime*, that to impute it to a Man must be a grievous Offence? 'Tis an *Innocent Folly*, and much more *Beneficent* than the Want of it; for *Ill Taste* employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a *Good* one. Is it a *Moral* Defect? No, it is but a *Natural* one; a *Want of Taste*. It is what the best good Man living may be liable to: The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd House, and the best reputed Citizen be pleased with a vile Garden. I thought (I say) the Author had the

the common Liberty to obſerve a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that diſtinguiſhes him: which I know not how any Quality ſhould do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But they ſay the Satire is *Perſonal*. I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its Reflexions are on *Things*. His Reflexions are not on the *Man*, but his Houſe, Garden, &c. Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the *Perſons* of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the Nile, and the Triton: He is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his *Friends*) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to ſay a Thing is *Perſonal*, is the ſame as to ſay it is *Injuſt*, not conſidering, that nothing can be *Juſt* that is not *Perſonal*. I am afraid that "all ſuch Writings and Diſcourſes "as *touch no Man*, will *mend no Man*." The Good Natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like Satire; and the *Guilty* readily concur with the *Weak* for a plain Reaſon, becauſe the Vicious look upon Folly as their *Frontier*:

——*Jam proximus ardet*
Ucalegon ——

No wonder thoſe who know Ridicule belongs to them, find an inward Conſolation

in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the *best Characters*. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists should rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beast born for our Use would be ready to call a Man so.

I know no Remedy, unless people in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unless Comedy were forsaken, Satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet, in *Israel*.

But I find myself obliged to touch a Point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious Application of the Character of *Timon*, which I will boldly say, they would impute to the Person the most different in the World from a *Man-hater*, and the Person whose *Taste* and *Encouragement* of *Wit* have often been shewn in the *rightest Place*. The Author of that Epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Person.

Why, in God's Name, must a *Portrait*, apparently collected from twenty different Men, be apply'd to one only? Has it his *Eye*? No, it is very unlike. Has it his *Nose*

or

or *Mouth?* No, they are totally differing. What then, I beſeech you? Why, it has the *Mole on his Chin.* Very well; but muſt the Picture therefore be his, and has no other man that Blemiſh?

Could there be a more melancholy Inſtance how much the Taſte of the Publick is vitiated, and turns the moſt ſalutary and ſeaſonable Phyſick into Poiſon, than if amidſt the Blaze of a thouſand bright Qualities in a Great Man, they ſhould only remark there is a *Shadow* about him, as what Eminence is without? I am confident the Author was incapable of imputing any ſuch to One, whoſe whole Life (to uſe his own Expreſſion in Print of him) is *a continued Series* of good and generous Actions.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the leaſt Pain or Offence to any innocent perſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if the Satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the Freedom of one whoſe *Cenſures* are *juſt*, and who ſets his *Name* to them.

To

To the Earl of Burlington.

March 7, 1731.

~~*My* LORD~~,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general Zeal of the world in the cause of a great Man who is Beneficent, and the particular Warmth of your Lordship in that of a private Man who is innocent.

It was not the *Poem* that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the *Writer* deserv'd more Candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which in regard to that Noble Person was *Impertinent*; in regard to me, *Villainous*. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a Character belonging to *twenty* shou'd be applied to *one*; since, by that means, *nineteen* wou'd escape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that Noble Person's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the publick about it. But since

ſince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third Edition to declare *His Belief*, not only of *My Innocence*, but of *Their Malignity*, of the former of which my own Heart is as conſcious, as I fear ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His Humanity feels a Concern for the Injury done to *Me*, while His Greatneſs of Mind can bear with Indifference the Inſult offer'd to *Himſelf*. *

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of *this Sort* can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a Compliment which I think it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the loweſt Rank can find any countenance from thoſe of a Higher. Even from the Conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who wou'd rather be *wicked* than *ridiculous*; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack *Vices* than *Follies*. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Poſſeſſion of their *Idols*, their *Groves*, and their *High-Places*; and change my Subject from their

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of *Ch* —— wrote to Mr. *Pope* on this occaſion, a Copy of which, together with Mr. *Pope*'s to his Grace, we hope to procure for the next Volume.

Pride

Pride to their *Meanneſs*, from their *Vanities* to their *Miſeries*: And as the only certain way to avoid Miſconſtructions, to leſſen Offence, and not to multiply illnatur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of *Real* Names ~~and not~~ of Fictitious Ones. †

~~I am, my Lord,~~

~~Your Faithful,~~

~~Affectionate Servant,~~

A. POPE.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT *to Mr.* POPE.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

~~Dear Sir,~~

I Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerv'd by my Friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in Legacies; beſides the Aſſurance of their Sincerity.

~~† This he did in his next Piece, which was the Epiſtle to the Lord *Bathurſt* of the uſe of Riches.~~

God

God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be: I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad, but many poor Creatures have worse.

As for you, my good Friend, I think since our first acquaintance there has not been any of those little Suspicions or Jealousies that often affect the sincerest Friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the World prizes, yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendship: They were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you continue that noble *Disdain* and *Abhorrence* of Vice, which you seem naturally endu'd with, but still with a due regard to your own Safety; and study more to reform than chastise, tho' the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord *Bathurst* I have always honour'd for every good Quality, that a Person of his Rank ought to have; Pray give my Respects and kindest Wishes to the Family. My Venison Stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left

at my house it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case, and at my Age, is impossible; the kindest Wish of my Friends is *Euthanasia*. Living or dying, I shall always be

Your most faithful Friend,

And humble Servant,

Jo. ARBUTHNOT.

FINIS.